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PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

COMPILED BY

A. CAMPBELL, W. SCOTT, B. W. STONE,
AND J. T. JOHNSON:

ADAPTED TO THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

FOURTEENTH STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THIS compilation of PSALMS, HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, having met with decided approbation from the Christian community, by whom it has been generally pronounced the best collection now extant, it has been deemed expedient, in accordance with the intimation given in the first edition, that it should be stereotyped. With this view, the errors of the former editions have been carefully corrected in this, the fifth edition; and the whole collection has been accurately revised.

In the course of this revision, sundry amendments and improvements have been suggested, both as it regards the poetry of some hymns, and the congruity of others

with Divine Revelation, and the genius of the Christian Institution. In order to perfect the selection as far as possible, these emendations have been made; but in no case have the pages of the book been changed, or the language of a hymn so much altered as to create inconvenience in using the former editions. The same psalm, hymn, or spiritual song will still be found upon the same page, and with the same number of verses.

A selection of tunes, adapted not only to the metre of the different pieces, but to their style and sentiment, has been esteemed a desideratum. This is supplied in the present edition, and, it is hoped, will be found advantageous.

It will be perceived, also, that much of the previous matter, which was contained in the prefaces to former editions, has, in this, been digested into the form of an introduction, in which the objects and principles of Christian psalmody are briefly considered.

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INTRODUCTION.

THEOLOGICAL

"TEACH and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with gratitude in your hearts to the Lord:" so Paul exhorted the Christians to whom he wrote letters. What was precisely intended by *psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs*, has often been inquired after, but not often satisfactorily answered.

The result of our inquiries upon this subject is as follows:—

1. Psalms are historic compositions, or poetic narratives.
2. Hymns are songs of praise, in which the excellencies, glories, and gracious acts of some person are extolled.
3. Spiritual songs are either songs, the matter of which was immediately suggested by the Holy Spirit; or sentimental songs, composed on the divine communications to men.

Spiritual songs embrace a wider range of subjects than both the former; for such songs as are of a *mixed nature*, partly psalms and partly hymns, may be ranked among those which are properly called spiritual songs.

Other compositions, both in scripture and elsewhere, have been called *psalms*, which do not exactly correspond with the true import of this word in its ancient usage. The reason is obvious: The first psalms being all, or chiefly, of one species of poetry, other songs in the same kind of verse were called by the same name, because of a coincidence in poetic measure, though they were quite different in substance and design. In one sense the design of all sacred poetry is the praise of God. Hymns directly address God in praise; psalms and spiritual songs indirectly praise him, and are sometimes specially designed for the edification of men.

The general design of all religious worship is to praise God and to edify men. But sometimes we sing for the sole purpose of praising God : on other occasions, for the information or edification of men. In the former case we sing hymns ; in the latter, psalms or spiritual songs, as best adapted to our end in view.

Such is the plain and obvious difference between psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs ; which ought to be, in some measure, apprehended by all who feel any obligation upon them, arising from the command of the apostle. In singing any of them in the presence of others, we, in some measure, may, and often do, contribute to their edification.

No exercise of social worship is more delightful, solemn, or sublime, than singing the praises of the Lord. And when we address him in sacred song, care should be taken that the substance and form, or the matter and manner of our song, be such as will be acceptable to him.

Seeing, then, that we ought to sing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs ; and seeing that the matter of them ought, as well as the manner of our prayers, to be according to the revelation of God ; we proceed to make a few brief remarks on the selection or composition of our psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. And here we observe, that sectarianism and a speculating philosophy have contaminated the fountains of this, as of every other part of Christian worship. Our hymns, our tunes, and our manner of singing them, are inspired with the spirit of our speculating and schismatic systems. Our Christian psalters are in general a collection of every thing preached in the range of the system of the people who adopt them. In other words, they are our creed in metre, while it appears in the prose form in our confessions.

This, we presume to say, is founded upon an idea that we are to praise God by singing our *opinions* and our *controversies*, instead of, or as well as by, singing the works, and wonders and excellencies of the Lord our God. To

examine this idea, it is necessary to inquire, *What is worthy of our song?* And briefly we shall reply as follows:—

In originating the exercise of singing in the worship of God, nothing more was done than to give direction to faculties before possessed, and before employed on objects unworthy of them. Thus our heavenly Father turns every thing to good account in the economy of salvation. Our tongues, lips, hands, feet, and voices, together with all our more noble powers, are employed in the *new service*. In the *old service* they were all employed as instruments of unrighteousness. Now he consecrates the whole of them to his service, and has graciously conferred the honour upon our hands, feet, and tongues, our lips, our voices, of being employed in his service; and as much to his acceptance as the powers of Gabriel. This is an astonishing discovery of his condescending favor. To think that the great God should give birth to a system of things in which it is possible for the tongue of an infant to achieve honor to his Majesty, as well as the wings of a seraph, is what has long been extolled in heaven and admired on earth. Is it not astonishing, Christian reader, that the Majesty of Heaven should condescend to employ the hands and feet, the tongues and lips of infants to perfect praise! What a system of perfection that puts it into the power of all to be happy in honoring Jehovah, and which derives a proportionate revenue of glory from the finances of a pauper, and the resources of a heavenly principality.

But what we have in view is this: The powers and faculties of the *man* are neither lost nor metamorphosed in the *Christian*. They are all consecrated. They are now instruments of righteousness. We sing now as formerly—the same voice, the same tune; but a different song. And this brings us just to the inquiry, What are the subjects on which *men* are disposed to sing? Love-songs, the praises of heroes, and the triumphs of wars. These are the chapters comprehending the chief topics deemed *worthy of*

song. No man thinks the weaving of a web, the planting of a cornfield, or the sweeping of a house worthy of a song. Why, then, have we so many *mean* topics—so many childish and frivolous songs—sung by *Christians*? In consecrating our singing powers, God has not debased them. He has rather exalted them. Still the subjects worthy of Christian song are specifically of the same kind as those worthy of the songs of *men*. The *Christian*, as well as the *man*, has his love-songs—the praises of his hero, the Captain of his salvation—the triumphs of his glorious warfare. These, then, are worthy of sacred song. And thus, in general terms, the question is answered, *What is worthy of the Christian's song?* Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs should, therefore, be founded upon such noble themes. Let the love of God our Father, the praises of the character, and the glories of the achievements of the Captain of our salvation, animate our strains. Let our sentimental songs be of the same exalted character with the subjects of faith, hope, and love; and let not the little, low, selfish, schismatical, and sectarian topics find a place in this sublimest of all exercises known among men. Let not the rhapsodies of enthusiasm, nor the moonshine speculations of frigid abstraction, characterize what we, as Christians, call the praises of our God—

"To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong."

In order, however, that singing may answer the purposes of edification for which it was designed, attention must be paid not only to the subject-matter of hymns, but to the manner in which they are sung, and the style or character of the tunes employed. The "grave sweet melody," the "joyful strains," and the mournful sounds of "harps hung upon the willow trees," ought to correspond with the meaning of the song and the occasion. To hear a joyful tune sung to the song,

"Why do we mourn departed friends?"—

Or a mournful air to the words,

"Rejoice, O Earth, the Lord is King,"—

is so unharmonious and discordant, that half the world feels the incongruity as they would frost in August, or solstitial heat in December. But every approach to these extremes is to be guarded against, as well as the extremes themselves. Hence the necessity of good taste and sound judgment in selecting appropriate tunes for every theme, and for all occasions of this delightful exercise of the understanding and the affections.

Besides the selecting of appropriate tunes, and singing these according to the ordinary rules of music, there are other points relating to the manner of singing deserving of remark. Not only should the words be distinctly pronounced that the sentiment may be understood by others, but a proper emphasis should be given to such passages as require it. To sing the verse commencing

*"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"*

with the same force and expression as the one which immediately follows,

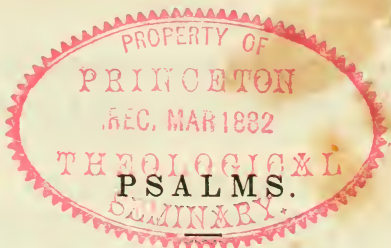
*"Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high," &c.*

indicates either a deficiency of taste, or that the singer is so engrossed with the music as to be inobservant of the sentiment. When, on the contrary, the former is sung with a soft and plaintive expression; and the latter with a greater degree of energy, the transition leads the mind at once to the sentiment by which it was occasioned, and secures the primary object of the exercise, viz. edification. This, indeed, it should ever be borne in mind, is the most important point in relation to Christian psalmody, and every thing else should be made secondary and subser-

vient to the great purpose of singing with the spirit and the understanding.

The hymn-book, next to the Bible, forms the mind and manners of the young members of the family of God. Nothing, therefore, that is mean in composition ought to appear in it. This bears with still additional force against familiarizing the mind with any thing in the form of psalmody, which, however beautiful in verse, is not accordant to the letter and spirit of the Christian Institution. These considerations have influenced us to repudiate altogether some hymns and songs (though very popular) and to reform others. If we have not every psalm, hymn, and spiritual song which might be sung with acceptance and with propriety, it ought not to be thought a defect in our selection, any more than the not having every flower and shrub in a garden (provided every species be there) should be an objection against the good taste or judgment of the keeper in making his selections. We think we have culled the most useful and beautiful flowers from all the books in use; and if we have not every individual song, we have some of every species of poetry, and on every subject which rightfully claims a place in the sacred psalmody of the Christian society.

A. CAMPBELL



PSALM I—L. M.—[*Old Hundred*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone
He can create and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command !
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move !

PSALM 2—P. M.—[*Star in the East.*

HAIL the blest morn ! when the great Me-
 diator

Down from the regions of glory descends !
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the man-
 ger ;

Lo ! for your guide the bright angel attends !

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid :*

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 stall ;

Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine ;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!
Brightest and best, &c.

PSALM 3—P. M.—[*Voice to the Shepherds.*]

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
 And told the strange news how the babe was attended;
 Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger;
 See yonder bright Star! there's your Lord in a manger.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bled for our pardon,
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan!*

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation;
 Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation!
 Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
 And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices!

Now glory to God in the highest be given,
 All glory to God is re-echo'd in heav'n;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious;
 Over sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us victorious!
 Thy banner unfurl—let the nations surrender;
 And own thee their Saviour, their Lord, and Defender!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

PSALM 4—C. M.—[*Hamilton.*]

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their
 In Bethlehem's fields by night, [flocks,
 An angel, sent from heav'n appear'd,
 And fill'd the fields with light.

‘Fear not,’ he said, (for great alarm
Had seiz’d their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

‘To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born, of David’s line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

‘The heav’nly babe you there shall find,
To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapp’d in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.’

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appear’d a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
Address’d their joyful song:—

‘All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will abound with men below,
That never more shall cease!

PSALM 5—C. M.—[*New Durham.*

MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
And chant the cheerful lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th’ auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue ;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heav'nly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
' Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die !'

Hail, Prince of Life ! forever hail !
Redeemer—brother—friend !
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

PSALM 6—L. M.—[*Pilesgrave.*

BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !
 Behold the great Messiah come !
 Behold the Prophets all agreed
 To give him the superior room !

Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
 When visions of the Lord he saw ;
 Moses, the man of God, foretold
 This great fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witness to his name,
 Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd—
 The incense and the bleeding lamb,
 The ark, the altar, and the priest.

redictions in abundance join
 To pour their witness on his head :
 Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
 And own thee as the promis'd seed.

PSALM 7—C. M.—[*Cambridge.*

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour's come !
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And from the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PSALM 8—C. M.—[*Dundee*.]

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

Now smoking sweets, and bleeding lambs,
And kids, and bullocks slain;
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God's own Son comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And pleads for us above.

PSALM 9—6 *times* 8.—[*Bladen.*

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews ;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse :
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave !

But, lo ! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread !
Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head :
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

Then does the Father loud proclaim,
In audience of the wond'ring crowd ;
Attend, all nations ; hear the name
His Father gave : he spoke aloud :
This is my well-beloved Son !
I see well pleas'd what he has done !

PSALM 10—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n !
Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing, still shall spread—
His reign no end shall know—
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

PSALM 11—L. M.—[*Weston.*

BEHOLD the well of life appears,
Sought for by men four thousand years !
Tell all mankind—let ev'ry gale
Bear round the earth the pleasing tale

Bid each diseased soul come here ;
You lame, you blind, you sick, draw near !
Behold, this true medic'nal stream
Heals maladies of ev'ry name !

The blind rejoice to see the sun,
The lame lay by their crutch and run ;
Hark ! from the dumb man's loosen'd tongue
Breaks forth the raptur'd, grateful song ?

The deaf too taste, and wond'ring hear,
The joyful sound salutes their ear ;
The feeble drink the healing stream,
And vigor shoots through all their frame.

This stream shall all our wants supply ;
Impoverish'd souls, why should you die !
The Spirit says, 'Whoever will,
May hither come and drink his fill.'

Let the glad tidings reach the dead ;
This river runs through death's dark shade :
Where'er it comes, this living spring
Gives life and health to every thing.

You thirsty souls, no more complain ;
Our God has smote the rock again ;
At Calvary the stream ran down
From the pierc'd side of God's own Son !

While through life's barren waste we stray,
This stream shall follow all the way !
Best flowers shall spring where'er it flows,
And deserts blossom as the rose !

What though the desert's heat annoy,
These waters still renew our joy ;
And while we drink this cheering spring,
Upon its banks we sit and sing.

PSALM 12—C. M.—[*Pleasant Hill.*

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

ON Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James, and John ;
And while he talk'd of Calv'ry there,
His face resplendent shone.

While on his suff'rings he convers'd,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assum'd a light
Much brighter than the sun.

In dazzling brightness all array'd
Jesus transfigur'd stands,
From heav'n descends the man who ga e
To Israel God's commands.

Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appear'd with Moses on this mount
And talk'd his suff'rings o'er.

Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to dwell :
Here let us still remain.

Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise,
And place them side by side,
For these celestials, and for thee,
And here let us abide.

While thus they spoke, a cloud descends
And takes them from their sight ;
But Jesus yet remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.

This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says,
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways.

With joy this more illustrious guide
Henceforth we'll still obey,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

PSALM 13—L. M.—[*Venango.*

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

AWAKE, O Zion's daughter ! rise
Shake off your dust, no more repine ;
Let gladness sparkle in your eyes,
In all your fairest garments shine !

Behold your King, expected long,
 In humble pomp at length appears
 Amidst yon praising infant throng
 His meek majestic head he rears.

No fiery steed he rides : he sways
 No tinsel rod of earthly reign ;
 A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys
 To you your lowly Prince divine.

Here's no vain crowd, no gaudy show ;
 Babes taught of Heav'n resound his praise ;
 His path the Galileans strow
 With branches of triumphant peace.

The blind and lame, by him reliev'd,
 His saving light and strength proclaim ;
 His foes with shame and spite are griev'd
 'To see his works and hear his fame.

Hosanna ! thronging myriads shout,
 Jehovah brings salvation nigh !
Hosanna ! ev'ry babe cries out,
 Jehovah, send prosperity !

To him, who, in Jehovah's name,
 Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs ;
 Peace reigns in heav'n, with ev'ry beam
 Of glory in the highest ones.

Salvation sing to David's Son !
All blessings sing to Israel's King !
His kingdom blessed be alone,
And bless'd the people of his reign.

In all the earth how worthy is,
O Lord our God, thy glorious name !
From infant lips thou perfect'st praise,
Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame !

PSALM 14—L. M.—[*Wells.*

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against God's Son, his chief delight,
And he betray'd was to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and broke ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spoke !

This is my body broke for sin :
Receive, and eat the living food :
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine—
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

Do this, he said, till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

Jesus, thy love we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb!

PSALM 15—L. M.—[*Rockbridge.*

'Twas on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

PSALM 16—L. M.—[*Bourbon.*

Now let our mournful songs record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken by his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn:
'He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

'This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his Friend;
If God the blessed lov'd him so,
Why does he fail to help him now?'

O! savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power!

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

But God his Father heard his cry ;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 17—L. M.—[*Gilgal.*

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive !
Behold the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !

Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies : the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises by the power of God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !

Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

PSALM 18—C. M.—[*Suffield.*

As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groan'd, and bled, and died,
He look'd with pity on a wretch
That languish'd by his side.

The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine ;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And ask'd him for a sign !

The kingdom, Lord, is thine, he said ;
'Tis thine o'er men to reign :
Thy wondrous works thy lordship prove ;
'These pains thy love proclaim :

Honors divine await thee soon,
A sceptre and a crown ;
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.

Then, gracious Lord, remember me !
Is not forgiveness thine ?
My crimes have brought me to thy side—
Thy love brought thee to mine !

His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day your parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.

PSALM 19—C. M.—[*Piety.*

WE sing the Saviour's wondrous death—
He conquer'd when he fell ;
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise !

PSALM 20—8's, 7's, 4's.—[*Rome.*

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky '
It is finish'd !
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heav'nly pleasures without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
It is finish'd !
Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the once unfinish'd law !
Finish'd all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe :
It is finish'd !
Saints, from this your comfort draw.

'Tune your harps anew, you seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name :
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

PSALM 21—L. M.—[*Venango*.

HE dies, the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout his welcome to the skies !

Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains

Say, 'Live forever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save !'
'Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?'

PSALM 22—L. M.—[*Supplication.*

WHEN we the sacred grave survey,
In which the Saviour deign'd to lie,
We see fulfill'd what Prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;
Sure pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

Our surety freed declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd :
In his release our own we see,
And joy to see Jehovah pleas'd.

Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

Then, though in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave !

PSALM 23—8's.—[*Greenfield's.*

THE angels that watch'd round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season his head ;

That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
Have witness'd his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

You saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast :

The grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears ;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done;
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last ling'ring ray of its sun!

Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heartstrings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek!

No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

PSALM 24—6's, 4's.—[*New Wales.*

YES, the Redeemer rose :
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head :
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear ;
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air :
 Their anthems say,
 Jesus who bled
 Has left the dead—
 He rose to-day !

You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell ;
 Transported cry,
 Jesus who bled
 Has left the dead,
 No more to die !

All hail ! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us by thy blood ;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou reigning Son of God !

With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

PSALM 25—7's.—[*Benevento.*]

CHRIST *the Lord is ris'n to-day !*
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, you heav'ns, and earth reply !

Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight—the battle won—
Lo ! the Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save—
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Better life we now receive—
In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n !
Praise to thee by both be giv'n ;
Thee we greet, triumphant now—
Hail ! the resurrection Thou.

PSALM 26—C. M.—[*Ninety-fifth.*

THE Saviour ris'n to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest ;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the Creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

How vain the stone, the watch, the seal !
Naught can forbid his rise :
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

Let us his righteousness disclose;
His death and rising show;
'Till he return to banish woes,
And bless his saints below.

PSALM 27—8's.—[*Greenfields.*

BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows him almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect is his sacrifice,
Who rose, though he suffered for sin.

The man that was crowned with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

Now blessed forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head;
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.

We wait for his coming again,
To raise us to honour and fame;
This glory his saints shall obtain;
His foes shall be clothed with shame.

PSALM 28—C. M.—[*Communion.*

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead receiv'd.

He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall pass away.

This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heav'nly rest
Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
Was made forever blest.

This day the Christian church began,
Form'd by his wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

To nourish faith, and hope, and love,
His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
And glory in his worth.

This joyful day let us observe ;
Redemption's work is done ;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more ;
The earthly rest is gone.

To heaven's rest we'll follow Him,
(His death has pav'd the way,)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

PSALM 29—L. M.—[*Sylvan-stream.*

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates !
You everlasting doors, give way !

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in !

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates
 You everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord of boundless might possess'd,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 Lord over all, forever blest!

PSALM 30—C. M.—[*Celesta.*

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,
 Which God's right hand sustains,
 There, in the boundless world of light,
 Our great Redeemer reigns.

Legions of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince! they cry, forever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms
And royalties above!

While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
'They threw their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

'Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend ;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
'This scene of love would end.

They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood ;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood.

They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

'They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne ;
And with a shout exulting cried,
The glorious work is done !

PSALM 31—L. M.—[*Windham.*

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met ;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave !
The power to kill—the power to save
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North :
*Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross !*

These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

PSALM 32—L. M.—[*Zion.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound! Where'er he reigns
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
All grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen*!

PSALM 33—C. M.—[*Arlington*.]

Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been ;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise ;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain ;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
Join concert with the main.

With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they ;
And echoing vales from hill to hill
Redoubled shouts convey ;

To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

HYMNS.

HYMN 1—C. M.—[*Brattlestreet.*

TO Him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our heads,
And made us priests to God :

To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

Thou art the First, and thou the Last ;
Time centres all in Thee ;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be.

HYMN 2—C. M.—[*New-Orleans.*

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
Forever all our guilt.

'Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race ;
'Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appear'd
Before the golden throne.

But Christ, with his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill;
Looks like a lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

He ever lives in heav'n to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost those
Who by him come to God.

HYMN 3—6 times 8.—[*Worthiness.*

THY worthiness is all our song,
O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain;
And by thy blood brought'st us to God,
Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue;
To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
And we shall reign upon the earth.

Salvation to our God, who shines
In face of Jesus on the throne!
The only just and merciful!
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
With loud voice all the church ascribes;
Amen! say angels round the throne.

To him who lov'd us, and has wash'd
Us from our sins in his own blood,
And who has made us kings and priests
To his own Father and his God,
The glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen!

HYMN 4.—C. M.—*St. Martins.*

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
 Amidst his Father's throne,
 Prepare new honors for his name,
 And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head !

'hou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 5.—P. M.—[*Request.*

O, JESUS ! the glory, the wonder, and love
 Of angels and glorified spirits above,
 And saints who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
 Rejoicing in hope of thy glory !
 Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,
 Who robb'st not the Father with him to compare ;
 The Father's own image glows in thee—shines there
 In visible bodily glory.
 Worthiness dwells in thee ; excellent dignity.
 Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee :
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

Wherever we view thee, new glories arise :
 The man that's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,
 Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God near our eyes,
 In grace and truth showing his glory.
 Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and their hosts,
 The earth and its fulness, the seas and their coasts ;
 Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts
 To crown and adorn thee with glory.
 Worthiness dwells in thee ; excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee :
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

Still lovelier thou, when, with infant cries,
 And childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise !
 Thy loves past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,
 And ravish our hearts with thy glory.
 In thy blessed body, on the cursed tree,
 Thou bear'st all our sins, while thy God forsook thee,
 Expiring in blood for our life ; and, lo ! we
 Exult in thy merit and glory !
 Worthiness dwells in thee ; excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee,
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

Thy birth all divine, from the grave back again
 Brought thee, King of glory ! O Lamb that was slain !
 First-born from the dead, crown'd with honor supreme,
 Thy throne is establish'd in glory.
 There reign in thy glory, whom all saints adore,
 Till under thy feet thy foes crush'd, be no more ;
 Thy pleasure shall speedily all things restore,
 And eternity blaze with thy glory.
 Worthiness dwells in thee ; excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty ; glory environs thee :
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

HYMN 6—C. M.—[*Exhortation.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

*Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!*
*Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!*

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 7—C. M.—[*Mount-pleasant.*

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

HYMN 8—L. M.—[*Gilgal.*

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sov'reign power becomes him well.

In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
And all you angel bands, adore.

Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
And worlds below and worlds above.

When death thy servants shall invade,
When powers of hell thy church annoy,
Controll'd by thee, their rage shall aid
The cause they labor to destroy.

Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublimar anthems near thy throne.

HYMN 9—C. M.—[*Coronation.*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 10—L. M.—[*Alfreton*.]

JESUS, we hail thee Israel's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring;
Nor do we fear to bow to thee—
They worship God who worship thee.

Hail, Israel's King, enthron'd in light !
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when (by treach'rous friends betray'd)
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

Then did admiring angels see
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee;
With emphasis pronounce thee good,
And heav'n and earth contrasted stood.

An object of contempt beneath,
And judg'd by men to suffer death ;
By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
The great, the everlasting Lord.

Reign, mighty King, forever reign !
Thy cause throughout the world maintain ;
Let Israel's King his triumphs spread,
And crowns of glory wreath his head !

HYMN 11—L. M.—[*Washington.*

KING JESUS, reign for evermore,
Unrival'd in thy courts above ;
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess ;
We'll spread thine honours while below,
And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to thy blest abode ;
Till with the vast unnumber'd throng
We join in heav'n's triumphant song—

Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In never-ending strains above.

HYMN 12—C. M.—[*Mear.*

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.
Though rais'd to heav'n's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honours crown'd—
The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he has lost his part.
Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Have moulder'd down to dust.
So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy lov'd name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

HYMN 13—6's, 8's.—[*New Wales*

REJOICE—the Lord is King!
The Prince of Life adore;
O Zion! shout and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns ;
His character is love ;
When he had purg'd our sins,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour giv'n :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall death itself destroy,
And all his people fill
With pure celestial joy :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice !*

HYMN 14—C. M.—[*Peterborough.*

COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest ;
He enter'd heav'n with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

On earth he wash'd our guilt away
By his atoning blood ;
And now he sits upon the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

What though while here we oft must feel
Temptation's keenest dart,
Our tender High Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.

Cloth'd with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

Nor time nor distance e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love ;
For us he died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.

O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name !
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim !

HYMN 15—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise ;
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

These mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motion speaks thy skill ;
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name most glorious stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labors of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms—

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rent awe,
We love and we adore ;
The brightest angel never saw
So much of God before.

Here thy great name appears complete,
And thought can never trace
Which of the glories brighter shine—
The justice or the grace !

Though language fails, we must proclaim
Jehovah's wondrous ways,
And through eternity the same
Shall be our theme of praise.

HYMN 16—L. M.—[*New Sabbath.*

With Israel's God who can compare ?
Or who, like Israel, happy are ?
O people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward !

Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms ;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts !

HYMN 17—L. M.—[*Zion.*

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 18—C. M.—*Twenty-fourth.*

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise!

HYMN 19—S. M.—[*Watchman.*

Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

HYMN 20—P. M.—[*Carmarthen.*]

O you immortal throng of angels round the throne !
Join with our feeble song to make the Saviour known ;
On earth you knew his wondrous grace ;
In heav'n you view his beauteous face.

You saw the heav'nly child in human flesh array'd,
All innocent and mild, while in a manger laid ;
And praise to God, and peace to earth,
Proclaim'd aloud, for such a birth.

You in the wilderness beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry dress, in ev'ry combat foil'd ;
And joy'd to crown the Victor's head,
Before his frown when Satan fled.

Around the bloody tree you press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see—the Lord of life expire !
And could your eyes have known a tear,
In sad surprise had dropp'd it there.

Around his sacred tomb a willing watch you keep,
Till the blest moment come to rouse him from his sleep ;
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd,
With joy unknown, our rising Lord.

When, all array'd in light, the shining Conq'ror rode,
You hail'd his rapt'rous flight up to the throne of God ;
Your golden wings you wav'd around,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue, and louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you their own Redeemer's praise ;
And you, my heart, with equal flame,
Perform your part with joy the same.

HYMN 21—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend—
In thee their wishes meet.

Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread,
And purest joys abound.

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in thee :
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

HYMN 22—C. M.—[*Exhortation.*

COME, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright these glories shine.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face
Can you forbear his praise?

When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

O, happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 23—8's.—[*Greenfields.*

THIS Lord is the Lord we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 24—L. M.—[*Windham.*

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

HYMN 25—P. M.—[*Heavenly Union.*

REJOICE, O Earth! the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

O may the saints of ev'ry name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb !
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory !

We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory !

O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'rings here below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory.

Then we shall part and weep no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er ;
Such shouts were never heard before,
And there we'll give him glory

'Then tears shall all be wip'd away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

HYMN 26—11's.—[*Bower of Prayer.*]

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy!
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name!
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When cold as December in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation to flow from the skies.

The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name is Salvation—his nature is Love.

We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast;
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

HYMN 27—S. M.—[*Silverstreet.*]

RAISE your triumphant songs
To tell of vict'ry won ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high ;
He came with pardons from above
For rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 28—C. M.—[*New-Orleans.*]

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame !
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there ;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes ;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng
That thee and thine oppose.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondrous sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light—

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind ?

Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
Ordain'd with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

They jointly own his powerful sway ;
The beasts that prey or graze,
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame !
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

HYMN 29—L. M.—[*Alfreton.*

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ;
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad—
At home my safeguard and my tower.

To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

HYMN 30—L. M.—[*Truro.*

O LORD ! thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heav'nly orbs ascends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains ;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

With thee the springs of life remain ;
Thy presence is eternal day :
O let thy saints thy favor gain,
And upright hearts thy truth display !

HYMN 31—L. M.—[*Pilesgrove.*

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change nor period see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN 32—L. M.—[*New Sabbath.*

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know,

HYMN 33—L. M.—[*Gilgal.*

PRAISE you the Lord! Our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is the Lord.

HYMN 34—C. M.—[*Warwick.*

O PRAISE the Lord! and thou, my soul,
Forever bless his name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn
And there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.

Then happy he who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

HYMN 35—P. M.—[*Kingwood*.]

To Him who did salvation bring,
Wake ev'ry tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise :
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crown nature's flow'ry hills and plains,
And spread a thousand ways.

Salvation is the noblest song,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,
And all repeat, *Amen!*
The Lord will come from heav'n to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

We feel redemption drawing near ;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be forever bless'd ;
His promise never can delay,
Our Jesus, on th' appointed day
Will give his people rest.

By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hov'ring all around;
 He smiles upon his saints :
He cries aloud in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains,
 And end your sore complaints.

The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory ! glory to our King !
 The Grand Assize is come !
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The church is glorious as a bride,
 And Jesus takes her home.

In all the heav'ns there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
 But pleasures yet unknown :
From heav'n to heav'n we sound the bliss,
O what a blest abode is this,
 Forever round the throne !

The joys of heav'n will never end ;
All glory to the Sinner's Friend !
 Roll on, you happy scenes !
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys !
 Our Jesus ever reigns.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

NATURE.

PRAISE the Lord. Praise the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise him, all his angels; praise him, all his hosts. Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, all you stars of light. Praise him, you heaven of heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for he commanded, and they were created. He has also established them forever and ever: he has made a decree which they shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, you dragons, and all deeps; fire and hail; snow and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl; kings of the earth, and all judges of the earth; both young men and maids; old men and children. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

[David the sweet Psalmist of Israel.]

SONG 1—C. M.—*[Edom.]*

THE Book of Nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
And when the Lord anoints our eyes,
Its pages light afford.

Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd from age to age;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

Though to each star they give a name
Its size and motions teach,
The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.

With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtile air,
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Though present ev'ry where.

The knowledge of thy saints excels
The wisdom of the schools ;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Though men account them fools.

To them the sun and stars on high,
The flowers that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Saviour's power and faithfulness,
His providence and love

Thus may we study Nature's Book,
To make us wise indeed !
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

SONG 2—L. M.—[*Zion.*]

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :

While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine !

SONG 3—L. M.—[*Osnaburgh*.]

PART I.

BLESS God, my soul ! 'Thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds ;
With honor thou art crown'd ; thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrol,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
'Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies ;
'The clouds his chariots are, and storms
'The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
'To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's will.

Earth on her centre fix'd, he set,
Her face with waters overspread ;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet
To lift above the waves their head.

But when thy awful face appear'd,
'Th' insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.

Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And, gushing from the mountain's side,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.

There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threat'ning surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

SONG 4—L. M.—[*Alfreton.*

PART II.

YET thence in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn
Surprise the vales with plenteous rills.

The field's tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labor, faint with drought;
And asses on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.

There shady trees from scorching beams
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the beauteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.

His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit
That soon transmit the liquid store,
Till Earth is burden'd with her fruit,
And Nature's lap can hold no more.

Grass for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's use, of various power,
That either food or physic yield.

With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart, oppress'd with cares;
Gives oil, that makes his face to shine,
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

SONG 5—L. M.—[*Truro*.

PART III.

THE trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.

Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
The wand'ers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.

The moon's inconstant aspect shows
Th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows—
His hour to rise and disappear.

Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray ;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To Providence that sends them prey.

They range all night, on slaughter bent,
Till summon'd by the rising morn
To skulk in dens, with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.

Forth to the tillage of his soil
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil—
With him returns to his repose.

How various, Lord, thy works are found !
For which thy wisdom we adore :
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till Nature's hand can grasp no more.

SONG 6—L. M.—[*Darwent.*

PART IV.

BUT still the vast unfathom'd main,
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry form, of ev'ry size.

Full freighted ships, from every port,
There cut their unmolested way :
Leviathan, whom there to sport,
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.

'These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree ;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide ;
'Thou op'st thy hand—the universe,
'The craving world, are all supplied.

'Thou for a moment hid'st thy face—
'The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;
'Thou tak'st their breath—all Nature's race
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.

Again : thou send'st thy Spirit forth
'T' inspire the mass with vital seed—
Nature's restor'd, and parent Earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

Thus through successive ages stands,
Firm fix'd, thy providential care ;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
'Thou dost the waste of time repair.

One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere as in him is my joy.

While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy name,
'Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

SONG 7—6's, 4's.—[*Warsaw.*

You boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame :
You cherubim, your voices raise ;
And seraphim, shout loud his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
You glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
You heavens above, his praise declare,
And clouds that move in liquid air

Let them adore the Lord
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came :
From changes free, you all shall last ;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

Let earth her tribute pay ;
Praise him, you dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales ;
And misty air, fire, hail, and snow,
And winds that, where he bids them blow.

By hills and mountains, all
 In grateful concert join'd ;
 By cedars stately, tall,
 And trees for fruit design'd ;
 By creeping things, and ev'ry beast,
 And fowl of wings, his name be blest.

Let all of royal birth,
 With those of humbler name,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim
 Let youths with maids, in this design,
 And hoary heads, with children join.

United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise :
 His power obey, earth's utmost ends ;
 His glorious sway the sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favors Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh :
 Your grateful voice, O therefore raise,
 And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

THE BIBLE.

SONG 8—C. M.—[*Coronation.*]

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun !
 It gives a light to ev'ry age—
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

SONG 9—C. M.—[*Canaan.*

How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

SONG 10—C. M.—[*New Durham.*

FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines !

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may those heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor! gracious Lord, ·
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

SONG 11—L. M.—[*Pilesgrove.*

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens our inactive powers;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

SONG 12—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

LET Avarice from shore to shore
Her idol Wealth pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than Ind^a or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied ;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

PROVIDENCE.

SONG 13—C. M.—[*Warwick.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

You fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

SONG 14—C. M.—*Dunlap's Creek.*

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
'Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

SONG 15—C. M.—[*Hopewell.*

WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply—

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see ;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be—

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love ;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy ;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

SONG 16—C. M.—[*Mear.*

O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward with the flood.
 And lost in foll'wing years

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away :
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.

O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come !
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home !

SONG 17—P. M.—[*Leeds.*

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, *The Lord will provide.*

The birds without barn or store-house are fed ;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, *The Lord will provide.*

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages, *The Lord will provide.*

His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
 And trust, in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*

No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide—
The Lord is our power—*The Lord will provide.*

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, *The Lord will provide.*

SONG 18—C. M.—[*Dundee.*

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide!
Their help, Omnipotence!

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

CHRISTIAN HONORS AND PRIVILEGES.

SONG 19—11's.—[*Huger.*

How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succour shall be.

Fear not—I am with you ; O be not dismay'd !
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid ;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow ;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply :
The flame shall not hurt you ; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

SONG 20—11's.—[*Home.*

THERE'S no name among men nor angels so bright,
 As is the name Jesus, the Father's delight;
 The joy of his children, they speak of this name,
 And sweetly its praises in songs they proclaim.

In all Christian churches this name is ador'd,
 As their shield and glory, with cheerful accord;
 And there 'tis declared the help of distress'd,
 The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppress'd.

The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
 Shall sound forth its praises with endless delight;
 But fully unfolded it can be by none,
 Save Jesus among them, the Father's own Son.

SONG 21—L. M.—[*Majesty New.*

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die;
 Publish the bliss the world around;
 You seraphs, shout it from the sky!

'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
 'Tis full, outmeasuring ev'ry crime;
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.

For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show !
Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardors glow.

By this inspir'd, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

SONG 22—S. M.—[*Lonsdale.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas ;

This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Shall constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

SONG 23—C. M.—[*Pleasant-hill.*]

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest !
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest !

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
 Would here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

SONG 24—C. M.—[*Twenty-fourth.*

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
 Be troubled or dismay'd ;
 But trust in God your Father's care
 And trust my gracious aid.

I to my Father's house return ;
 There num'rous mansions stand,
 And glory manifold abounds
 Through all the happy land.

I go your entrance to secure,
 And your abode prepare ;
 Regions unknown are safe to you,
 When I your friend am there.

Thence shall I come when ages close,
 To take you home with me ;
 There we shall meet to part no more,
 Where sorrows ne'er shall be.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
 No son of human race,
 But such as I conduct and guide,
 Shall see my Father's face.

SONG 25—C. M.—[*Rockingham.*

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father has bestow'd
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God.

Conceal'd as yet this honor lies,
By this dark world unknown—
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise ;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

We know, we all, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright ;
And all his glory full disclos'd
Shall open to our sight.

A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure,
And purify our souls from sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

SONG 26—P. M.—[*Howards.*

How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above !
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in the Saviour's love !

This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
 I have found in the blood of the Lamb:
 Since the truth I believ'd, what a joy I've receiv'd,
 What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

'Tis a heav'n below my Redeemer to know,
 And the angels can do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore!

Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
 O that all to this refuge may fly!
 He has lov'd me, I cried, he has suffer'd and died
 To redeem such a rebel as I!

On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
 O why should I grieve, while on him I believe!
 O why should I sorrow again!

O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
 Which I find in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possess'd, I am perfectly bless'd,
 Being fill'd with the fulness of God!

Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise,
 Who has died me from sin to redeem;
 Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
 They shall all be devoted to him.

What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
 With believers to live and to die!

SONG 27—C. M.—[*Celesta*.

How happy is the Christian's state!
 His sins are all forgiv'n;
 A cheering ray confirms the grace,
 And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

SONG 28—L. M.—[*Windham*.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
 Glory and joy are their reward.

SONG 29—C. M.—[*New-Orleans.*

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
 Where sinners love to meet,
 Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
 And hates the scoffer's seat:

But in the statutes of the Lord
 Has plac'd his chief delight;
 By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
 Shall his profession shine;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust:
 What vain designs they form!
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

His eye beholds the path they tread
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

SONG 30—C. M.—[*Piety.*

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Pour'd from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

O Lamb of God! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd sons of God
Be sav'd—to sin no more.

EVER since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

SONG 31—L. M.—[*Williamstown.*

I know that my Redeemer lives :
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
 He lives, he lives who once was dead,
 He lives, my ever-living head !

He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to bless in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply,
 He lives to guide me with his eye,
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives to silence all my fears,
 He lives to wipe my flowing tears,
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,
 He lives all blessings to impart.

He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
 He lives, and loves me to the end ;
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King !

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

SONG 32—S. M.—*Watchman.*

ISRAEL the desert trod,
Sustain'd by power divine,
While wondrous mercy mark'd the road
With many a mystic sign.

When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrew's thirst supplied.

But O! what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
From Calv'ry spring superior streams—
There hung the smitten Lord!

Of ev'ry hope bereft,
Sinners, to Jesus go;
Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
And living currents flow.

Here may our spirits bathe,
 Here may our joys abound !
 Till (pass'd the wilderness and death)
 We tread celestial ground !

SONG 33—C. M.—[*Celesta.*

WHAT poor, despised company
 Of travellers are these,
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze ?

Ah ! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King ;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And, lo ! for joy they sing.

Why do they, then, appear so mean,
 And why so much despis'd ?—
 Because of their rich robes unseen
 The world is not appriz'd.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
 And lacking daily bread.—
 Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
 With hidden manna fed !

But why keep they the narrow road,
 That rugged thorny maze ?
 Why, that's the way their leader trod ;
 They love and keep his ways.

Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

What ! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God ;
None other can be found.

Then let us in this way rejoice,
And in the truth abound,
Till Jesus with his angels comes,
And Michael's trump shall sound.

Then we shall mount on wings of love,
And meet in realms on high,
And saints and angels join in praise
Through all eternity.

SONG 34—P. M.—[*Royalty*.

LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great ;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state ;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son
 Own me an heir divine ;
 I'll pity princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine :
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne :
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave

Jesus my elder brother lives,
 With him I too shall reign ;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain :
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall while endless years endure.

When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 You too, my soul, shall shine in light,
 And his full image bear :
 Enough !—I wait th' appointed day—
 Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away !

SONG 35—L. M.—[*Job.*

EARTH has a joy unknown in heav'n—
The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
O angels! never dimm'd your sight.

You saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
You know where morn exulting springs,
And ev'ning folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands you fulfil;
Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heav'nly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret cord that mine will bear.

SONG 36—L. M.—[*Old Hundred.*

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O ! enter, then, his temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is forever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

SONG 37—C. M.—[*Winter.*

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day

With pitying eye the Prince of Peace
 Beheld our helpless grief:
 He saw, and (O ! amazing love !)
 He ran to our relief.

Down from his shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

112 THE CHRISTIAN HOPE.

O ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE.

SONG 38—C. M.—[*Twenty-fourth*

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
e his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he raised his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust ;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his follow'rs must.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away !

Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall take us home.

SONG 39—P. M.—[*Princeton.*]

WHEN the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown,
And saints now suff'ring wear the crown,
When the King of kings comes.

When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls:
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the saints rais'd from the dead
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
When the King of kings comes.

When the foe's distress comes,
When the church's rest comes,
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the New Jerusalem,
Its fulness and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame,
When the King of kings comes.

When the world's course is run,
When the judgment is begun,
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;

To see the sons of God well known,
 All spotless to their Father shown,
 And Jesus all his brethren own,
 When the King of kings comes.

When the Lord from heav'n comes,
 When the host of heav'n comes ;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
 To see the righteous cause prevail,
 And all debates decided well,
 And all mouths stopp'd which lies do tell,
 When the King of kings comes.

When our Lord in clouds comes,
 When he with great power comes ;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
 To see all things by him restor'd,
 And God himself alone ador'd
 By all the saints with one accord,
 When the King of kings comes.

SONG 40—L. M.—[Zion.

WHILE we the empty tomb survey,
 We sing the triumphs of this day :
 The Saviour rose ! He broke death's chain,
 And all our hellish foes are slain !

The barren grave, on this blest morn,
 Brought forth our Saviour, her first-born ;
 Soon shall she feel a second throe,
 And bring forth all his brethren too.

The life which wrought in Christ our head,
 Secures our rising from the dead :
 This faith does all our fears control,
 This gives a Sabbath to the soul.

Our risen Lord all things obey,
 E'en death and hell must own his sway :
 While saints with one accord proclaim
 The glory of his endless fame.

SONG 41—C. M.—[*Condescension.*

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Nor to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honors of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands.
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint for me a place.

SONG 42—L. M.—[*Majesty New.*]

ON Sicn's glorious summit stood
 A num'rous host redeem'd by blood;
 They hymn'd their King in strains divine—
 I heard the song, and strove to join.

Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
 For truth or Jesus' lovely name,
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
 And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,
 Eternal love shall feast their soul,
 And scenes of bliss forever new
 Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view,
 The dying thief, and Abrah'm too;
 With equal love their spirits flame,
 The same their joy, their song the same.

O sweet employ to sing and trace
 Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
 And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
 A blissful, vast eternity!

O what a sweet, exalted song,
 When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
 Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
 And join in one full chorus there!

My soul anticipates the day,
 Would stretch her wings and soar away,
 To aid the song, the palm to bear,
 And praise my great Redeemer there

SONG 43—C. M.—[*Mount Nebo.*

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
 To our admiring eyes!
 The former seas have pass'd away,
 The former earth and skies.

From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
 All worthy of its Lord;
 See all things now at last renew'd,
 And Paradise restor'd.

Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing;
 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of our descending King!

The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode;
 He dwells with men; his people they,
 And he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself shall die.

O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head !

CHRISTIAN LOVE, UNION, AND COMMUNION.

SONG 44—L. M.—[*Devotion.*

How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore,
Till all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land ;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due ;
But through the off'ring of our Lord,
More than was lost is now restor'd.

Let wrath and strife, those seeds of hell,
 Ne'er in the Christian bosom dwell;
 But love and union, by his blood,
 Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

SONG 45—L. M.—[*Amboy.*

KINDRED in Christ, for his name's sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the Saviour's precious name;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus;
 We only wish to speak of Him
 Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us

We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

SONG 46—C. M.—[*Celesta*.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil the word:

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SONG 47—S. M.—[*Ninety-third.*

LET Christians all agree,
 And peace among them spread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth
 Let fervent love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With common blessings crown'd.

Let envy (child of hell !)
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

SONG 48—S. M.—[*Aylesbury.*

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

SONG 49—8's.—[*Savannah.*

FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance nor time can remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life's blood it did cost.

My friends so endear'd unto me,
Our souls so united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

Why then so unwilling to part,
 Since there we shall soon meet again!
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.

And then we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 Set free from our prisons of clay,
 United in Jesus' kind love.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see:
 Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
 Amen! Even so let it be!

SONG 50—P. M.—[*Bollman.*

O HAPPY children who follow Jesus
 Unto the house of prayer and praise,
 And join in union while love increases,
 Resolv'd this way to spend your days;
 Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
 By the flesh, and such as love not God;
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
 We oft times find on Canaan's road.

Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
 We've felt some strength come from above,
 Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
 We long to be absorb'd in love:
 Let us sing praises for what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come:
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven;
 So farewell, brethren—we're going home.

And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
 And pray for those who spurn his grace
 Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
 And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.
 Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
 In token of my Christian love,
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus;
 So farewell, brethren—we'll meet above.

SONG 51—P. M.—[*Band of Love.*]

Our souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, join'd in one;
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice—
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
 And glow'd with sacred fire;
 He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
 And fill'd th' enlarged desire.
A Saviour, let creation sing!
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours;
His fulness in our souls he pours!
'Tis almost done,
'Tis almost o'er;
We'er joining them who've gone before;
We soon shall meet to part no more.

We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die.
 Let Satan rage, and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through;
 Though foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the prize in view.
A Saviour, &c.

The little cloud increases still,
 The heav'ns are big with rain;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain;
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 Now pours the mighty flood—
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim the Lord!
A Saviour, &c.

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 And all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
 May we, the little band of love,
 We, sinners saved by grace,
 From glory into glory chang'd,
 Behold thy lovely face.
A Saviour, &c.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT ON EARTH.

SONG 52—8, 7,—[*Olney.*

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze:
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace:
 Blessed jub'lee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary:
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night!
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 Win and conquer! never cease!
 May thy lasting wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase!
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around!

SONG 53—8, 7.—[*Rome.*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 'Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from Eternal Love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of drought remove:

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage !
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near :
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God :
'Tis his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings ;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name ;
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show !
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know

SONG 54—C. M.—[*Mount Nebo.*

BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go !

The beam that shines from Zion hill
 Illume shall ev'ry land !
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer host encount'ring host,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.

Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

SONG 54—C. M.—[*Leander.*

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend ;
A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the splendid crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down
To bless his church below.

When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand
Fair Salem to behold.

Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore ;
Such shouts through earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long ;
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.

He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the storm ;
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

'The crystal stream comes down from heav'n
It issues from the throne ;
'The floods of strife away are driv'n,
'The church becomes but one :

That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete ;
Call'd by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet :

With joy they meet him in the sky,
 Whom here their souls ador'd;
 And live in worlds of bliss on high,
 Forever with their Lord.

SONG 55—11's.—[*Solicitude.*

THE PRINCE of salvation is coming—prepare
 A way in the desert his blessings to share;
 He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
 And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
 Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
 The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
 And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow tame,
 The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
 The bear with the kine shall contentedly feed,
 And children their young ones in harmony lead.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
 The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd;
 The tomahawk buried shall rest in the ground.
 And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow,
 The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough;
 To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
 And love greet the world with a smile of content.

Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
 The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage;
 But white men and red shall in friendship be join'd,
 Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

Hail! scenes of felicity, transport, and joy
 When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;
 Rich blessings of grace from above shall be giv'n,
 And life only serve as a passage to heav'n.

Roll forward, blest Saviour, roll forward the day,
 When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway:
 When men of all nations, united in praise,
 One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise.

SONG 56—P. M.—[*St. Helena.*

*Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!*
 ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest how lowly his birth!
 The brightest of angels in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee—he reigns upon earth.
*Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!*

Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round,
 How free to the sinner he offers salvation!
 How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.
*Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!*

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 You angels, the full hallelujah be singing—
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies!
*Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!*

FUTURE GLORY.

SONG 57—C. M.—[*Pleasant Hill.*

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their bright array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?

Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb that sits upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

SONG 58—C. M.—[*Ninety-fifth.*

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Celestial land ! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !

No cloud these blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

SONG 59—C. M.—[*Windall*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

When I ascend where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Can fright me from the shore.

SONG 60—C. M.—[*Victory.*

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold !
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold

Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
 My study long have been ;
 Such sparkling gems by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence !
 What folly 'tis that I should dread
 To die and go from hence !

Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.

Jesus, my love, to glory's gone ;
 Him will I go and see ;
 And all my brethren here below
 Will soon come after me.

RECRUITING SONGS.

SONG 61—6's, 8's.—[*Lenox*.]

BLOW you the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonig Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Propitiation made :
You weary spirits, rest,
You mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You bankrupt debtors, know
The wondrous grace of heav'n,
Though sums immense you owe,
A free discharge is giv'n ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought;
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

SONG 62—8, 7, 4.—[*Hallelujah.*

COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
“It is finish'd!”
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! the rising Lord ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners now his love proclaim.

SONG 63—C. M.—[*Northfield.*]

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial spring !

Whoever will (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake !

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace !
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

SONG 64—C. M.—[*Condescension.*]

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

SONG 65—C. M.—[*Cambridge.*

How free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God !
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of ev'ry blood.

The mightiest king, the meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste ;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Come to the gospel feast.

None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude ;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

Come, then, you men of ev'ry name,
Of ev'ry tribe and tongue ;
What you are willing to receive
May unto you belong.

SONG 66—C. M.—[*Communion.*

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice ;

Ho ! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind :

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! you that pant for living streams
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Great God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

SONG 67—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow :
'Tis not confin'd to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take his share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

Come, all you wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

Come, then, accept the offer'd grace,
And make no more delay;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

SONG 68—C. M.—[*Exhortation.*

THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come ;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room

Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

SONG 69—L. M.—[*Windham.*

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell their joys above the skies.

Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heav'nly sound :
'This soul was dead, but now's alive ;
'This sheep was lost, but now is found.

Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For this unbounded love to men ;
Let saints below and saints above,
In concert join the loud Amen !

SONG 70—6's, 8's.—[*Lenox.*

REFORM, and be immers'd,
Says your redeeming Lord ;
You all are now assur'd
That 'tis your Saviour's word.
Arise ! arise without delay,
And his divine command obey.

You sin-convicted race,
Now fall at Jesus' feet ;
He'll save you through his grace—
Come, to his will submit ;
And be immers'd without delay—
O come and wash your sins away !

Come, you believing train,
No more this truth withstand ;
No longer think it vain
To honor God's command ;
But haste, arise, without delay,
And come and wash your sins away.

Jesus! thou Prince of Peace!
To thy great name we pray;
May converts to thy grace
This ordinance obey;
And may thy love their souls allure,
Their peace and pardon to secure!

SONG 71—L. M.—[*Devotion.*

COME, weary souls with sins distress'd,
Come, and accept the proffer'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
O! come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

SONG 72—7's.—[*Urania.*

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you ?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood ?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny ?
Why will you resolve to die ?

Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn !
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite ?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die ?

Sinners, turn while God is near !
He has left you naught to fear :
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands :
Cries, " You will not happy be ;
No, you will not come to me ;
Me, who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die ?"

Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above ?
Will you not his word receive ?
Will you not his oath believe ?
See, the suff'ring Lord appears ;
Jesus weeps—believe his tears !
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
“ Why will you resolve to die ? ”

SONG 73—L. M.—[*Wells*.]

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return !

Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

'Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue :
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
O may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

SONG 74—7, 6.—[*Pennsville.*

Come, tell me, wand'ring sinner,
Say whither do you roam,
O'er this wide world a stranger—
Have you no Saviour known.
He calls you to his bosom,
But, ah! you still delay:
He'll fit your soul for heaven,
And guide you in the way.

Now angels are attending
To waft the news above,
Your Saviour still presenting
The joys of pard'ning love:
O! come, accept the offer
Of pardon and free grace,
And own his mighty power
In songs of love and praise.

He will remove your sorrow,
And grace and peace bestow;
Then leave not till to-morrow,
The joy he offers now.

This is the time accepted :
O may redeeming love,
No more by you rejected,
Your lasting solace prove.

SONG 75—L. M.—[*Salem.*

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you come to Christ or no ?

Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest ?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?

Make now your choice, and halt no more ;
He now is waiting for the poor :
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do ?
Say, will you come to Christ or no ?

Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

Matrons and maids, we look to you ;
Are you resolv'd to perish, too ?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down ?

Once more we ask you in his name,
(We know his love remains the same,)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

SONG 76—P. M.—[*Proclamation.*

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature,
 Jesus reigns—he reigns victorious,
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious!
 Jesus reigns.

See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
“Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour.”

Hear, O sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation
Offer'd to the whole creation.

'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And for you was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven;
Endless life through him is given.

Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
 Come and purchase without money,
 Mercy like a flowing fountain
 Streaming from the holy mountain,

For this love let rocks and mountains,
 Silver streams and crystal fountains,
 Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
 Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Shout, you tongues of ev'ry nation,
 To the bounds of the creation,
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
 The Almighty King of Zion.

Shout, O saints ! make joyful mention,
 Christ has purchas'd our redemption ;
 Angels, shout the joyful story,
 Through the brighter worlds of glory.
 CHORUS—*Jesus reigns, &c.*

CHRISTIAN IMMERSION.

SONG 77—L. M.—[*Zion.*

"Twas the commission of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations, and baptize ;"
 The nations have received the word
 Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands;
 And sends his cov'nant, with its seals,
 To bless the distant Pagan lands.

"Reform and be immers'd," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins,"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the gospel mean

Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.

SONG 78—L. M.—[*Rockbridge.*

DESCENDING down into the flood,
 We his great suff'rings there behold,
 Who in deep waters for us stood,
 While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.

And when beneath the waters laid,
 Our breath suspended in their womb,
 We call to mind how Jesus died,
 And buried lay within the tomb.

As from the wat'ry grave we rise
 We see him from death's prison freed,
 Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
 Of endless life for all his seed.

This sign does to our faith declare
 Our part in him who once was dead;
 For into death immers'd we are,
 And with him buried as our head.

And as the Father's glorious power
 Did life eternal to him give,
 So by this pledge he makes us sure
 That as he lives we'll also live.

SONG 79—C. M.—[*Dundee.*

PROCLAIM, says Christ, my wondrous grace
 To all the sons of men;
 He that believes and is immers'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.

Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in his word,
 This day have publicly declar'd
 That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race;
 And through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace.

SONG 80—L. M.—[*Supplication*

COME, all you sons of God, and view
 Your bleeding Saviour's love to you:
 Behold him sink with heavy woes,
 And give his life to save his foes.

Here in the pure baptismal wave,
 You see the emblem of his grave ;
 Come, all who would his laws obey,
 And view the place where Jesus lay,

When from the wat'ry tomb restor'd,
 Then call to mind your rising Lord ;
 You saints, lift up your joyful eyes ;
 Exulting see your Saviour rise.

You, too, are buried with your Lord,
 Who in the water own his word,
 And joyfully receive therein,
 Remission of your former sin

Ascending from the stream, behold
 An emblem of his life restor'd ;
 Hence live to him who died for you,
 And all his just commandments do.

SONG 81—L. M.—[*Portugal.*

COME, you redeemed of the Lord,
 Come and obey the sacred word :
 He died and rose again for you—
 What more could your Redeemer do ?

We to this place have come to show
 What we to boundless mercy owe ;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.

Almighty Lord, be present still,
Thy ancient promise to fulfil,
That they who on thy name believe
May peace and pardon here receive.

JUDGMENT.

SONG 82—8, 7, 4.—[*Camden.*

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou, the gen'ral doom !
Promis'd glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home !
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

Yes—Amen ! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own,
O ! come quickly !
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come !

SONG 83—8, 7, 4.—[*Merrick.*

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round ;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This Lord is mine !"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee !

Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
Hence with Satan
And his angels have your part."

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow :
You forever
Shall my love and glory know.

Under sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage raise !

Swiftly God's great day approaches,

Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :

May we triumph,

When the world is in a blaze !

PARTING.

SONG 84—8, 7, 4.—[*Hallelujah.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,

Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

Let us each, thy love possessing,

Triumph in redeeming grace.

O ! refresh us !

Trav'ling through this wilderness.

'Thanks we give and adoration,

For the gospel's joyful sound,

May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound ;

May thy presence

With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given

Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angel's wings to heav'n

Glad the summons to obey ;

May we ready

Rise and reign in endless day !

SONG 85—P. M.—[*Lena.*

Who has our report believed ?
Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own ;
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
 Comes too lowly to be known.

Tell me, O you favor'd nation !
What is your fond expectation—
 Some fair spreading lofty tree ?
Let not worldly pride confound you ;
'Mong the lowly plants around you,
 Mark the lowest—that is he !

Like a tender plant that's growing,
Where no waters friendly flowing,
 No kind rains refresh the ground ;
Drooping, dying, you shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him ;
 There no beauty will be found.

Lo ! Messiah unrespected !
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected !
 Wounds his form disfiguring :
Marr'd his visage more than any ;
For he bears the sins of many,
 All our sorrows carrying.

No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless—he no law had broken,
 Yet was number'd with the worst ;
For, because the Lord would grieve him,
You who saw it did believe him
 For his own offences curs'd.

But while him your thoughts accused,
He for our offence was bruised ;
 Yes, for us the victim bled,
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
 Purchas'd with the blood he shed.

Love amazing, so to mind us !
The great Shepherd came to find us,
 Silly sheep all gone astray ;
Lost, undone by our transgressions,
Worse than stripp'd of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay !

Death our portion, slaves in spirit,
He redeem'd us by his merit,
 To a glorious liberty :
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
'Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and love have made us free.

Glory be to God who gave us—
Freely gave—his Son to save us !
 Glory to the Son who came !
Honor, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb !

SONG 86—S. M.—[*Little Marlborough.*

AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb !
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name !

Sing of his dying love !
 Sing of his rising power !
Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore !

Sing on your heav'nly way,
 You ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
 In Christ the glorious King.

Soon shall you hear him say,
 ' You blessed children, come ;'
Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.

SONG 89—8's & 4.—[*Gospel Trumpet.*]

HARK ! how the gospel trumpet sounds !
Through all the earth the echo bounds !
For Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God ;
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

Hail ! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord !
Be thou by all thy works ador'd !
Who undertook for sinful men,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might ever reign
In endless day.

Fight on, you conqu'ring souls, fight on
Until the conquest you have won !
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

SONG 88—C. M.—[*Brattlestreet.*]

BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around,
Men once like us with suff'rings tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

Let us with zeal, like theirs, inspir'd,
Pursue the Christian race;
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.

Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, at once the finisher
And author of the faith.

He for the joy before him set,
(So gen'rous was his love,)
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.

If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur and complain?

No—let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love.
His wisdom still adore.

SONG 89—8, 7, 4.—[*Camden.*

LET us sing the King Messiah,
King of Righteousness and Peace;
Hail him, all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease!
Hail him,
Let his honors still increase!

How transcendent are thy glories !
Fairer than the sons of men,
While thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again !
Bless'd Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign !

Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
Make thy word of truth thy car .
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war !
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before thee bow !

Bless'd are all that touch thy sceptre,
Bless'd are all that own thy reign !
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from his galling chain !
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bless thy name !

SONG 90—11, 8.—[*Davis.*

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all !

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love ?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread !
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

You daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone ?

Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone ?

This is my beloved ; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That water the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know
And bask in the smiles of his face.

Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high,
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

SONG 91—8's, 6.—[*Love Divine.*]

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my wand'ring heart
All taken up in thee !

O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God ;
O may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting heart !
I want to feel that love divine ;
This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

O ! that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

O that I might with happy John
Recline my weary head upon
The bless'd Redeemer's breast !
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

SONG 92—L. M.—[*Amboy.*]

AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be :
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
'The labors of his life were love—
O ! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

But ah ! how blind, how weak we are !
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
O may thy Spirit be our guide !

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

SONG 93—P. M.—[*Rock of Salvation.*]

If life's pleasures charm you, give them not your heart,

Lest the gift ensnare you from your God to part ;

His favor seek, his praises speak ;

Fix here your hope's foundation ;

Serve him, and he will ever be

The Rock of your Salvation.

If distress befall you, painful though it be,

Let not grief appal you—to your Saviour flee ;

He ever near, your prayer will hear,

And calm your perturbation ;

The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow

The Rock of your Salvation.

When earth's prospects fail you, let it not distress ;

Better comforts wait you—Christ will surely bless ;

To Jesus flee—your prop he'll be,

Your heav'nly consolation ;

For griefs below cannot o'erthrow

The Rock of your Salvation.

Dangers may approach you, let them not alarm ;

Christ will ever watch you, and protect from harm ;

He near you stands, with mighty hands

To ward off each temptation ;

To Jesus fly ; he's ever nigh,

The Rock of your Salvation.

Let not death alarm you, shrink not from his blow ;

For your God shall arm you, and victory bestow ;

For death shall bring to you no sting,

The grave no desolation :

'Tis sweet to die with Jesus nigh,

The Rock of your Salvation.

SONG 94—C. M.—[*Arlington.*

RISE, O my soul ! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod ;
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who lived and walk'd with God.

Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd ev'ry foe ;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

SONG 95—8's.—[*Aurora.*

How shall I my Saviour set forth ?
How shall I his beauties declare ?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are ?

His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
No—this is a secret unknown.

In him all the fulness of God
Forever transcendently shines ;
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

O sinners ! believe and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem !
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd ;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste :
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last !

SONG 96—L. M.—[*Castlestreet.*

GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love ;
Come, saints and angels, if you can,
Declare the love of God to man.

O ! what can more his love commend
Than his beloved Son to send,
That man condemn'd to die might live,
And God be glorious to forgive !

Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by Prophets long foretold :
Judah thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time confirms what Jacob spoke.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone ;
It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.

We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child ;
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

SONG 97—C. M.—[*Condescension.*

JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep ;
For O ! the wolf is nigh.

He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless thy fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign in worlds on high!

SONG 98—L. M.—[*Bristol.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

SONG 99—6 times 8.—[*Pittsburgh.*

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind :
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures.

SONG 100—C. M.—[*Leander.*

Go on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.

Observe your leader, follow him ;
He through this world has been ;
Often revil'd ; but, like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

O ! take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;
And learn the only way to heav'n
Through self-denial lies.

Remember you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

Contend for nothing but the fruit
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

Go on rejoicing night and day ;
Your crown is yet before,
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

Soon we shall reach the promis'd land.
With all the ransom'd race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

There shall we meet to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace;
So, brethren, fare you well.

SONG 101—C. M.—[*New Durham.*

OUR souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay!

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home :
Come, O Redeemer ! come away !
O Jesus ! quickly come !

SONG 102—C. M.—[*Mortals Awake.*

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With sure unerring skill ;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder worlds above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

This land through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry ;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious he, how happy they
In such a gen'rous friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

SONG 103—7, 6.—[*Pennsville.*

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before:
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

'Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu :
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

O ! do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend ;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request ;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

Now to the Lord be glory
For his redeeming love !
We'll sing the wondrous story
In brighter worlds above.
We'll shout his hallelujahs,
And join the heav'nly song
With Noah, Job, and Daniel,
And all the holy throng.

SONG 104—8, 7.—[*Absence.*]

O THOU Fount of ev'ry blessing !
Tune my heart to sing thy praise ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from thy fold, O God !
He, to rescue me from danger,
Did redeem me by his blood !

O ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee !

Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee whom I love ;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

SONG 105—C. M.—[*Arlington.*

LONG as I live I'll praise thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy work of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known,
Thy arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

The world is manag'd by thy hand,
The saints are rul'd by love;
And thy eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

SONG 106—C. M.—[*Warwick.*

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not upward tending too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
Since Christ himself within it lay,
And took away the gloom.

'The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their humbled head?

'Thence he arose ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising day.

'There in his presence we shall stand,
And celebrate his love;
Angels and saints, a glorious band,
Shall crowd the courts above.

SONG 107—C. M.—[*Mear.*

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound !)

That sav'd a wretch like me !

I once was lost, but now am found ;

Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,

I have already come ;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,

His word my hope secures ;

He will my shield and portion be,

As long as life endures.

Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,

And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess within the veil,

A life of joy and peace.

SONG 108—7's.—[*Redeeming Love.*

Now begin the heav'nly theme,

Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;

You who his salvation prove,

Triumph in redeeming love.

You, who see the Father's grace

Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on you move,

Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love,

You, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest :
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love,

He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove ;
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

SONG 109—C. M.—[*Sardinia.*

ASHAM'D of Christ ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought ;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought ?

With the glad news of love and peace
From heav'n to earth he came ;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay :
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

Each faithful foll'wer Jesus views
With infinite delight ;
Their lives to him are dear—their death
Is precious in his sight.

To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers for him now
Shall reign with him in bliss.

But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the judge, before the world
The traitors will deny.

SONG 110—C. M.—[*Cambridge.*

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the earth might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

SONG 111—C. M.—[*Communion.*

You glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

Jesus, to multitudes unknown—

O name divinely sweet !

Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,

Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

Should both the Indies, at my call,

Their boasted stores resign,

With joy I would renounce them all,

For leave to call thee mine.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,

Of this dear gift possest,

I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,

And be forever blest.

Blest Sov'reign of my soul's desires,

Thy love is bliss divine ;

Accept the praise that love inspires,

Since I can call thee mine !

SONG 112—8's.—[*Elysium*.

My gracious Redeemer I love !

His praises aloud I'll proclaim,

And join with the armies above

To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine

Shall be my eternal employ,

And feel them incessantly shine,

My boundless, ineffable joy.

You palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey ;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

SONG 113—C. M.—[*Warwick.*

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, you much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

Through trials and through suff'rings too,
I'll go at his command :
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death—
I'll gladly go with thee.

SONG 114—C. M.—[*Harmony Grove.*

For me, O did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord, was crucified,
For man, the rebel's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

SONG 115—S. M.—[*America*

ALL you that have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:—

In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake ;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care ;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.

With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice :
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

Never offend, nor grieve
Your brethren by the way ;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move ;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

SONG 116—C. M.—[*Fiducia.*

Nor to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Nor to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;

But we are come to Zion hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Where faith is turn'd to sight !

Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n !

Saints here, and those in Jesus dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
'The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever bless'd.

SONG 117—7's.—[*Cookham.*

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

SONG 118—7, 6.—[*Missionary Hymn.*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation ! O salvation !

The joyful sound proclaim,
'Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, you winds, his story,
And you, you waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

SONG 119—S. M.—[*Idumea*.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsels and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

SONG 120—S. M.—[*St. Thomas.*

To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine ;

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

SONG 121—7's, 8's.—[*Evesham.*

BLESS'D be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver ;
Thou dost guard thy children sleeping,
Ever safe while in thy keeping.

We have seen thy wondrous might
Through the shadows of the night;
Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest.

God of ev'ning's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity.

Thine the flaming orbs of light;
Thine the darkness of the night;
Thine are all the gems of even—
God of angels, God of heaven.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Dwell forever in my heart;
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name forever.

SONG 122—C. M.—[*Coleshill*.]

O God, thy gifts of tender love
Are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
To guard our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And wakes the drowsy powers.

We yield ourselves to thy command,
To thee devote our days;
For constant blessings from thy hand,
Demand our constant praise.

SONG 123—S. M.—*Evening Shade.*

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from ev'ry fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

SONG 124—S. M.—[*Idumea*

THE morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls in haste arise,
To run the race divine.

We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night:
O may his kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight.

While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore thy care,
To guide us on the heav'nly way,
And guard from ev'ry snare.

And when our life shall close,
O may it be in peace;
May we lie down in sweet repose,
And wake in endless bliss.

SONG 125—S. M.—[*Watchman.*

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly parent sing;
And to its great Original
An humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.

My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

SONG 126—S. M.—[*Cranbrook.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

SONG 127—C. M.—*Canaan.*

ON Zion, his own holy mount,
God has a feast prepar'd,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Have in the banquet shared.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n !
See rebels by adopting grace
Sit with the heirs of heav'n !

The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The dainties of the board.

But O ! what pleasant draughts unknown,
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heav'n !

There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul ;
And springs of life, that never dry
In thousand channels roll.

SONG 128—S. M.—[*Ninety-third.*

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

SONG 129—L. M.—[*Weston.*

Wisdom divine ordain'd the plan
To save rebellious, fallen man;
Attend, you sons of men, give ear;
The righteousness of God is near.

The Saviour sends the heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Go preach to all—to Israel first,
Believe, repent, and be immers'd.

In spirit Peter preach'd aloud
To the astonish'd, list'ning crowd;
Convinc'd, they cry—What shall we do
T' escape from everlasting wo?

Reform, he cried—in Jesus' name
Be all immers'd, despise the shame ;
Remission full the Lord will give,
The Spirit too you shall receive.

This is the way ordain'd by God
To enter his divine abode—
His church on earth—come, enter in,
No longer serve the tyrant sin.

Haste and escape the threat'ning storm ;
Believe in Jesus, and reform ;
Rise—be immers'd without delay,
And wash your num'rous sins away.

SONG 130—L. M.—[*Majesty New.*

My Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove ;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your presence' sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here !
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray ;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind !
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on :
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

O blessed day ! O glorious hope !
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

SONG 131—L. M.—[*Devotion*

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
You need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
The invitation is to all ;
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou ;
All things in Christ are ready now.

COME, all you souls by sin oppress'd,
You weary wand'rers after rest ;
You poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

The message, as from God, receive,
You all may come to Christ and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

This is the time—no more delay ;
The Saviour calls you all to-day :
O may his call effectual prove !
Accept the offers of his love !

SONG 132—C. M.—[*Communion.*]

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

SONG 133—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

SINCE I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

SONG 134—7, 6.—[*Pennvsille.*

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?

All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a crimson die;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When judgment he'll proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

'Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
Who now despise his grace,
'Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face!'

But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
'Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, 'There still is room.'

SONG 135—10, 11.—[*St. Meifod.*]

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

The soul that obeys in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort! Go after him,
go:

Lo! onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prov

Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

Now 'tis my care, that my neighbours may share
Those blessings—to seek them will none of you
dare?

In bondage, O why! in death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh!

SONG 136—C. M.—[*Condescension.*]

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :—

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose ;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll own I am a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come ;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

I cannot perish if I go ;
I am resolv'd to try :
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

SONG 137—C. M.—[*Northfield.*]

How much the drooping hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive
By his reviving word !

The servants of the Lord rejoice,
 When souls receive the word—
 When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
 Return and love the Lord.

The church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing;
 They glorify the grace divine
 Of their victorious King.

In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
 Around the throne rejoice;
 But sinners sav'd should swell the song
 With loudest, sweetest voice.

SONG 138—11's.—[*Bower of Prayer.*]

I WOULD not live always: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
 The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

I would not live always: no—welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus has lain there, I'll enter its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live always away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode:
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

SONG 139—8's, 6.—[*Messiah.*]

THE Son of Man they did betray ;
He was condemn'd, and led away,
'Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
 Look on Mount Calvary ;
Behold him, lamb-like, led along
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accus'd by ev'ry lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.

'Twas thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain ;
His bitter sighs all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
'The sleeping saints their graves forsook
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
 And laughed at his pain.

Now, hung between the earth and skies,
Behold ! in agony he dies ;
O, sinners, hear his mournful cries,
 Come, see his tort'ring pain !
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight,
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.

All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky;
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be giv'n:
 While heav'n above his praise resounds,
 O Zion, sing—his grace abounds;
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,
 When glorified in heav'n.

SONG 140—8, 7.—[7]

DARK and thorny is "
 Through which
 But beyond this valley of sorrow
 Lie the realms of endless day.
 Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
 At the troubles of the way:
 Meet the tempest—fight with courage;
 Never faint, but often pray.

He whose thunder shakes creation—
 He that bids the planets roll—
 He that rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole—
 Jesus, Jesus will defend you;
 Trust in him, and him alone;
 He has shed his blood to save you,
 And will bring you to his throne.

There on flow'ry fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast :
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heav'nly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory, glory is their theme.

sweeter concert
1 arches ring,
Zion,

sing :

Can paint those scenes of glory,
Ransom'd souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky ?

See the heav'nly host in rapture,
Gazing on these shining bands ;
Wond'ring at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands ;
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along !
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song !

Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below;
Here, with joy, they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail! you happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign!

SONG 141—L. M.—[*Majesty New.*]

My God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice.

No more let my ungrateful heart
One moment from thy praise depart;
But live and sing, in sweet accord,
The glories of my sov'reign Lord.

Jesus! thou hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
Through all the remnant of my days,
O let me speak and live thy praise!

Incessantly I wish to pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
And give thee thanks for every thing,
And sing and pray, and pray and sing.

In thine embrace I then would die,
And rise to worlds of endless joy,
Till Christ the Lord in clouds shall come,
And Michael's trump shall rend my tomb.

Then from the dust of death I'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting.
O grave, where is thy victory !
I'll sing through all eternity.

SONG 142—7, 8.—[*Beulah.*

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where peace and joy forever roll ;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
But since the Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heav'nly road :
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heav'nly field.

Jordan shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave ;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll smoothly ride upon its wave.

His word has calm'd the ocean,
His word has cheer'd the gloomy vale ;
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail.

Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll ;
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

SONG 143—C. M.—[*Coleshill*.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm ;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

Let us ne'er turn away from thee ;
 Blest Saviour, hold us fast,
 Till, with immortal eyes, we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

SONG 144—C. M.—[*Delacourt.*

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise !

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name ;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise :
 'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

SONG 145—L. M.—[*Zion.*

HAIL ! morning known among the blest !
 Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
 Of heavenly peace and holy rest ;
 Pledge of the endless rest above !

Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought his Son !
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun
The dawn of joy's eternal day !

Mercy look'd down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead ;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness rais'd her head.

God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

SONG 146—L. M.—[*Majesty New.*

THE Lord of lords and King of kings
In realms of bliss exalted reigns ;
Ah ! who can touch the trembling strings,
And hymn his praise with equal strains ?

The grandeur of his works may show,
In beams of lasting, heav'nly light,
To all who love their radiant glow,
The wisdom of his boundless might.

But, Zion, on thy portals fair,
His wondrous name resplendent shines,
And ev'ry child of wisdom there
Shall read it in the clearest lines.

Yes, there we learn that God is love !
The lucid truth let angel choirs
(Circling the shining throne above)
Resound upon their golden lyres.

With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's son !
And heard, with fix'd and sacred awe,
The Lord of glory cry, 'Tis done !

But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resign'd a brighter day,
Above mortality's control,
To wake a more enraptur'd lay.

The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of vict'ry, all proclaim,
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

SONG 147—L. M.—[*Windham.*

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus ! Sooner far,
Let ev'ning blush to own a star !
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus ! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus ! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain !
And O ! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

SONG 148—L. M.—[*Portugal*].

LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

May those who have thy truth confess'd,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, in holiness !

As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above !

JOHN'S BAPTISM.

SONG 149—C. M.—[*Mount Nebo.*]

UPON the banks of Jordan stood
The great reformer, John,
And pointed to the Lamb of God,
The long expected one.

He loud proclaim'd the coming reign,
And told them to reform;
If they God's favor would obtain,
And shun the gath'ring storm.

He bade all those who would repent,
Forthwith to be immers'd,
Assuring them that God had sent
The message he rehears'd.

Forsake your sins, the Baptist said,
That you may be forgiv'n;
Forsake them now, and be immers'd,
For near's the reign of heav'n.

Thus did the man of God prepare
A people for the Lord;
To him did all the Jews repair,
Who trusted in his word.

But now the reign of God has come,
That reign of grace below,
And Jesus reigns upon God's throne,
Remission to bestow.

He bids all nations look to him,
As Prince of Life and Peace ;
And offers pardon to all them
Who now accept his grace.

PAUL AND SILAS IN THE PHILIPPIAN JAIL

SONG 150—L. M.—[*Scotch Air.*

'Tis darkness here, but Jesus smiles,
His presence ev'ry pain beguiles ;
He has the wine that cheers the soul,
The oil that makes the wounded whole.

While silence reigns as in the tomb,
And midnight spreads her deepest gloom ;
Come, let our tongues an anthem raise,
And sing our great Physician's praise.

Though fast our feet within these stocks,
Our hands secur'd with numerous locks,
No iron chains our thoughts can bind,
There are no fetters for the mind.

Though we are bound, the word is free,
The truth cannot imprison'd be ;
The word shall visit ev'ry land,
Though kings and people all withstand.

The word of life which Jesus sent,
Jail, chains, and swords cannot prevent ;
Man cannot keep the world in night,
For God has said, Let there be light.

To Jesus let our praise ascend,
His care for us shall never end ;
He felt our griefs, he bore our pains,
His blood has wash'd us from our stains.

From all our sins he set us free,
The light of life he made us see,
From Satan's bondage gave release,
And fill'd our souls with joy and peace.

He bade us speak his love abroad,
And tell the mercies of our God ;
And shall we cease to spread his fame,
Because of prisons, stripes, or shame ?

No—'tis our choice to bear his cross ;
For him all things we count but loss ;
Our joy, for him to suffer shame ;
Our honor, still to bear his name.

One smile from him all pains repays,
One word of peace all griefs allays ;
With him in glory to appear
Will compensate our suff'rings here.

His presence now this prison cheers,
Relieves our pains, dispels our fears ;
His presence, then, our heads will crown
With endless glory and renown.

SONG 151—8's, 6.—[*Harmony.*]

COME, let us sing the coming fate
Of mystic Babylon the Great—
Her doom is drawing near :
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain—
For them he'll soon appear.

Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heav'ns above with lightnings gleam,
A thousand thunders roar :
A heav'nly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

Eclips'd by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
The spheres now cease to roll :
Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as night,
With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand
Waiting his voice to hear :
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

The day of recompense has come,
His people all are gath'ring home,
With joy they hear his voice:
The promis'd curse, the threaten'd woes,
Combin'd, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

She who the Twelve Apostles griev'd,
And by her sorceries deceiv'd
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurl'd.

The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious head,
And reign with him below
An endless age of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
Exempt from every wo.

Then let us keep the end in view,
And ever on our way pursue,
The crown is yet before:
A few short days the conflict's done,
The battle's fought, the prize is won,
And we shall toil no more.

SONG 152—P. M.—[*Italian Air.*]

HAIL! all you hosts of seraphs bright,
I come to join your comp'ny,
Here to partake your pure delight,
And join your sacred symph'ny.
My pains have ceas'd, my cares are o'er,
I now have reach'd the blissful shore,
And scenes of joy before me rise,
All heaven bursts upon my eyes.

*O! sound his praise, you heav'nly choir,
Who sav'd me from the flaming fire.*

No more shall earth's poor honors gain
One moment's veneration;
With fleeting joys for me in vain
Shall Satan spread temptation.
I've fought the fight, nor could I yield,
For Jesus was my glorious shield;
And now I'll give, in realms above,
The glory to my Saviour's love.

Lo! angel bands, with pæans sweet,
The raptur'd soul entrancing,
Lead me the martyr'd saints to meet,
In joyful troops advancing.
I find my Christian neighbors here,
My brethren and my friends so dear,
And now, before th' eternal throne,
My Jesus claims me for his own!

Here reigns the Father of my Lord,
In light effulgent dwelling,
By all in heav'n and earth ador'd,
All praises far excell'g.
Around his throne the lightnings play,
And elders, ranged in bright array,
Blessing and glory give, and pow'r,
To him that lives for evermore.

Here may I, rob'd in garments bright,
Enjoy unfailing treasure ;
Or bathe in pure ethereal light,
And drink of living pleasure ;
Where moments fly on angel wings,
And new delight each moment brings,
Where life, and love, and peace remain,
And through eternal ages reign.
O ! sound his praise, &c.

SONG 153—C. M.—[*Irish.*

WHEN langor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away :

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upwards to the place
Where Jesus pleads above :

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home :

Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

If such the sweetness of the streams
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee !

O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay ;
Till, from her sin-worn cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

SONG 154—C. M.—[*Devizes.*

In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name ;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

SONG 155—L. M.—[*Truro.*

SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod !
And follow through the liquid grave,
'The meek, the lowly Son of God !

Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heav'nly life aspire ;
'Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
'They shine in clean and bright attire !

O sacred rite ! by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin :
'This is our resurrection pledge—
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

Glory to God on high be giv'n,
Who shows his grace to sinful men !
Let saints on earth and hosts in heav'n,
In concert join the loud Amen !

SONG 156—C. M.—[*China.*

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where life's vain tumults past;
Th' appointed place, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head.

SONG 157—7's.—[*Hotham.*

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll;
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, O! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

SONG 158—L. M.—[Savoy.

COME, you that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

*We're all united heart and hand,
Join'd in one band completely ;
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where waters flow most sweetly.*

Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

That happy day will soon appear,
When Michael's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound through the earth—yea, down to hell,
And call the nations great and small.

Behold the world in burning flames !
The trumpet louder still proclaims :
The world must hear and know her doom ;
The separation day has come.

Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
While Christ the Judge these words proclaims,
" Here come my saints—I own their names !"

" You everlasting gates, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
You harps of heav'n, now sound aloud,
Here come the ransom'd by my blood !"

In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine !
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

They stand, and wonder, and look on :
They join in one eternal song
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their soul on fire.

SONG 159—L. M.—[*Sylvan Stream.*

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did Wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

This gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live,
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of sayage name
Put on the nature of the lamb,
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

Still may his grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

SONG 160 —6's, 8's.—[*St. Philips.*

SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise :
You saints around through all its frame,
Harmonious sound the builder's name.

Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies :
There shall he place the polish'd stone,
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

SONG 161—S. M.—[*Florida.*

Now let each happy guest,
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

His condescending love
First calls our wonder forth,
He left the blessed realms above,
To dwell with men on earth.

His precepts, how divine,
How suited to our state !
How bright his acts of mercy shine,
His promises how great !

Redemption's glorious plan,
How wondrous in our view !
The salutary source to man
Of peace and pardon too.

SONG 162—S. M.—[*Concord.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God has built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe, and angry priest,
Reject God's only Son,
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God

We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

SONG 163—C. M.—[*Stephens.*

'Tis not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will ;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

And thus on yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died
Short of the promis'd land.

Israel rejoice, now Joshua leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest ;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

SONG 164—7's.—[*Cookham.*]

SINNERS, turn—why will you die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to life.

Sinners, turn—why will you die ?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why :
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He, who died that you might live.

Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why—you ransom'd sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die ?

Will you not his grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Oh ! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you forever die ?

SONG 165—7's.—[*Middletown.*]

Songs of praise awake the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day ;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

SONG 166—C. M.—[*Exhortation.*

AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

You wheels of nature, speed your course;
You mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as you bring the night of death,
You bring eternal day.

SONG 167—7's.—[*Warren.*

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all you nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the heavenly host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hail! thou heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail! thou Sun of Righteousness,
Ris'n with healing in thy wings,
Life and light thy rising brings.

SONG 168—7, 6.—[*Yarmouth.*

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression;
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall pray'r unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever :
That name to us is—Love.

SONG 169—11's.—[*Huger.*

O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am bless'd !
 My life, and my treasure, my joy, and my rest ;
 Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
 Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.

All human expression is empty and vain ;
 Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame ;
 And sure, if the language of angels I had,
 I could not, completely, the myst'ry describe.

O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy fee' ;
 A sacrifice-off'ring of soul, flesh, and blood :
 Thou art my Redeemer, my Saviour, my God.

*Songs for Christian Children.*SONG 170—C. M.—[*Twenty-fourth*

HAPPY the child whose tender years
 Receive instruction well,
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young,
 Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
 And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives are thine.

O let the work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my youngest breath :
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

SONG 171—C. M.—[*Rockingham.*

COME, let us join the hosts above,
 Now in our youngest days ;
 Remember our Creator's love,
 And lisp our Father's praise.

His Majesty will not despise
 The day of feeble things ;
 Grateful the songs of children rise,
 And please the King of kings.

He loves to be remember'd thus,
 And honor'd for his grace,
 Out of the mouths of babes like us,
 His wisdom perfects praise.

Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r,
 Honor and thanks be giv'n !
 Children and cherubim adore
 The Lord of earth and heav'n.

SONG 172—S. M.—[*Ninety-third.*

HAIL, gracious heav'nly Prince !
 To thee let children fly :
 And on thy kindest providence
 O may we all rely.

Jesus will take the young
Beneath his special care ;
And he will keep their youthful days
From ev'ry woe and snare.

He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn ;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.

Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth :
Nor would we ever cease our praise
For the Redeemer's birth.

SONG 173—C. M.—[*Harmony Grove.*

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head ;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG 174—L. M.—[*Devotion.*]

THIS is a precious book indeed !
 Happy the child that loves to read !
 'Tis God's own word which he has giv'n
 To show our souls the way to heav'n !

It tells us how the world was made ;
 And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
 Here his commands are written, too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die :
 It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
 And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
 The Bible tells us Jesus died !
 This is its best, its chief intent,
 To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
 Read this good Bible every day :
 'Tis God's own word which he has giv'n
 To show your souls the way to heav'n.

SONG 175—C. M.—[*Dundee.*]

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 With all-engaging charms :
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name,
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came.

He'll lead us to the heav'nly streams,
Where living waters flow ;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from ev'ry snare.

SONG 176—C. M.—[*Communion.*

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat ;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy seat.

For, when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“Forbid them not,” the Saviour said,
And so he says to me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smil'd ;
O, then, he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

For, as so many years ago,
 Poor babes his pity drew,
 I'm sure he will not let me go
 Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favor to implore,
 My little hands are spread,
 Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
 Lord Jesus, on my head!

SONG 177—C. M.—[*Dunlap's Creek.*

LET children that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say,
 With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.

Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,
 To him who breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word?

But those that worship God, and give
 Their parents honor due,
 Here on this earth they long shall live,
 And live hereafter too.

SONG 178—C. M.—[*Pisgah.*

CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
 To praise the Saviour's name;
 We too would join our infant song,
 To celebrate his fame.

246 FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

Chief priests and scribes were sore displeas'd
That children thus should sing ;
But Jesus own'd their early praise,
And we our praises bring.

We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends ;
We bless him for the word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.

God's sacred word we learn to know,
Where heav'nly wisdom lies ;
Here, too, are kind instructions giv'n,
That teach us to be wise.

SONG 179—8, 7.—[*Bartimeus.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

SONG 180—C. M.—[*Coleshill.*

How bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way !
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !

How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favor sought to win!

Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will!
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide.

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learned thy will.

So to thy sacred law shall I
All due observance pay;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

EASTER ANTHEM.

THE Lord is risen indeed. Hallelujah! The Lord
is risen indeed. Hallelujah! Now is Christ risen from
the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.
*Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first
fruits of them that slept.* Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! *And did he rise? Hear O! ye nations!
Hear it, O ye dead! He rose! He rose! He rose! He*

rose! He burst the bars of death! He burst the bars of death! He burst the bars of death and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then—then—then I rose! Then I rose! Then I rose! Then I rose! Then first humanity triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd eternal youth! Man, all immortal, hail! Hail! Heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man! Thine all the glory—Man's the boundless bliss! Thine all the glory—Man's the boundless bliss!

N. B. The parts *italicised* are to be repeated in singing.

ANTHEM

FROM PSALM XX.

SOME put their trust in chariots, and some in horses. But we will remember the name of the *Lord—the Lord* our God. We will rejoice in his salvation—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice in his salvation! We will remember the name—the name of the *Lord—the Lord* our God. We will rejoice in his salvation—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice in his salvation—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice in his salvation.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

HAB. iii. 17, 18.

ALTHOUGH the fig tree, although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there will be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the *Lord*—yet will I rejoice in the *Lord*—yet will I rejoice, will rejoice in the *Lord*, I will joy in the God of my salvation—I will joy, I will joy, I will joy in the God of my salvation—of my salvation!

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PART II.



INTRODUCTION.

THE psalmody and the public prayers of a Christian community are the most unequivocal and infallible exponents of its piety and spiritual intelligence. Indeed, the sacred song and the social prayer are but the express image and living form of the pious emotions, religious taste, spiritual discernment, and holy affections of those who unite in them. If the Christian can best exhibit his faith by his works, he can also most satisfactorily verbally demonstrate his piety and humanity in the praises which he sings, and in the prayers and thanksgivings which he offers.

The Christian hymn-book, next to the Bible, moreover, wields the largest and mightiest formative influence upon young and old, upon saint and sinner, of any other book in the world. Poetry, and especially good religious and moral poetry, emanates full as much from the heart as from the head, and partakes so much of the spirit of its author that it insinuates itself into the soul with more subtlety and power than any other language of mortals, either pictured to the eye or presented to the ear. "Allow me," said some one, "to write the ballads for a nation, and I care not who furnishes it with

its books." Permit me, I also say, to dispense the psalmody of a community, and I care not who dictates its creed, or writes out its catechism. If the hymn-book is daily sung in the family, and in the social meetings of the brethren, it must imbue their souls with its sentiments more than all the other labors of the pulpit or the press.

For these reasons, no book ought to be got up with more religious care and consideration than the volume of psalmody. No task requires a more cultivated spiritual taste—a more enlarged and comprehensive mind—a more intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the Bible, and the hallowed breathings of its saints, than the psalmody of a Christian church.

With a solemn, deep, and long cherished conviction of these great practical truths, we have frequently examined the whole subject, and sought to contribute our humble endeavors to the work of furnishing a better selection than any one yet in use amongst us. For this purpose we have collected hymn-books and psalm-books ancient and modern, European and American, and have summoned the aid of our most enlightened and experienced brethren in furtherance and consummation of this grand object.

The book now in use amongst us, meagre in size though it is, I yet think is the most scriptural and Christian of any one volume I

have ever seen; yet, like the popular version of the Bible, it was got up too much in the spirit of compromise to be in all respects what it ought to be. I never approved it all; but my peculiar position to the community constrained me to yield my own judgment, in some measure, to that of others, for whom I entertained much affection and esteem.

No one is bound to sing what he does not approve; and, in the progressive state of our community, we thought it best, neither in fact nor in appearance, to dogmatically dictate to our brethren what they should sing. For this very reason, as well as that we might have but one book, we first of all solicited the aid of others, after our first incipient effort had been given to our infant communities.

Since the appearance of another book amongst us, we have often reflected on the best means of having our present book enlarged, and more appositely adapted to the genius and position of our rapidly increasing and widely extending connexion. There is no necessity for either haste or parsimony in completing an object so great and important as this is. We cannot call a convention from all the ends of the earth to deliberate, for days or weeks, in order to a concurrence in such a work; and if we did, the larger the convention, and the more gifted, the longer would be the time, the greater the difficulty

of unanimity, and, at last, the more to be compromised. After much earnest and religious concern and reflection upon this momentous affair, I have concluded to add a part second to the present book, and to present it as a *resolution* to the whole brotherhood; and when they shall have maturely considered it, we shall solicit their suggestions, criticisms, additions, and subtractions, and refer them to a committee here always on the ground, composed of father Campbell, brethren Richardson and Eaton, with such other persons as the brethren may please to appoint at some future time. We shall await their decision before the work is finally stereotyped and done up in a permanent and more elegant form.

It has been proposed by some brethren to have the nett proceeds of the sale of such a book, if any there be, devoted to the advancement of Bethany College, or to the education of some promising youth devoted to the ministry of the word. All of which is most respectfully and affectionately submitted to the brethren.

An edition or two of the present work will be no loss to the brethren, inasmuch as the book now in use, as well as this one, may be wanted in their families and churches. Nor is it probable that very many new additions will be made to this book, although some changes and transpositions in point of ar-

rangement, as well as substitutes, should be found necessary. And what of the expense of a few cents to each disciple, in accomplishing an object of such importance to all the community!

To our former collections of hymn-books, that by brother W. Scott, that by brothers Johnson and Stone, that used by our brethren in England—I have added the new Baptist collection and all that came in my way during my last visit to the eastern cities. We have, then, ample documents, in point of the number and size of the hymn-books and psalters on hand. Elders J. T. Johnson, B. F. Hall, S. Church, and other brethren of much experience and intelligence, have been solicited for their assistance and contributions—while others have volunteered their offerings.

This expedient, though not borrowed from any party, I have recently learned has been adopted by the Presbyterians in getting up a new and improved selection; and they, too, are sending out a book to be afterwards revised and sanctioned by the denomination, before they put it up in the most permanent and acceptable form.

We are not solicitous for mere classification in Part II. No people sing hymns in chapters and classes. Before stereotyping the work, it will no doubt be expedient to arrange, in some systematic way, the subjects of praise, merely for the convenience of finding any piece.

The perfecting of the book of praise for a great community is not the work of an individual nor of a single effort—unless, indeed, he were divinely inspired. On the plan proposed we will be able to have a very full expression of the intelligence and taste of the whole community; and whenever that is obtained, no pains on our part shall be spared to have a very neat stereotyped edition, on a clear, full, and elegant type, on good paper, and finished in the most acceptable form.—The nett proceeds of the whole undertaking, if the brethren concur with me in opinion, shall be held sacred to the cause of education, as before intimated. Meanwhile, we commend Part Second, as well as Part First, to the candid criticism of all the brethren who may desire to lend a helping hand in this very necessary and highly responsible undertaking. One book of psalmody, and but one, is all-important to a community that desires, in all things, to maintain unity of spirit, of sentiment, and affection in the bonds of Christian peace and heavenly love.

A. CAMPBELL.

PART II.

HYMN 1—C. M.

To Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plung'd in deep distress;
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

HYMN 2—P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given,
On which to place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner stone.

Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

There is no path to heavenly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
O! may we tread the sacred way!
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true:
O! may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do!

As he above forever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
O! may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then, saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine!

HYMN 3—C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.

Thou mighty Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me!

I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile;
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh! my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me.

HYMN 4—C. M.

JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies!

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And did'st thou bleed, and groan, and die
For vile rebellious foes?

Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine!
O! take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

HYMN 5—L. M.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day!

When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distress'd;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

Since I can say this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

The precious jewel I will keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart!

HYMN 6—P. M.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Oh! that we this day may hear!
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee!
Cheer'd by hope and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
'Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss forevermore.

HYMN 7—C. M.

GREAT God! thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers:
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

To be encompass'd round with God,
The Holy and the Just,
Arm'd with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust—

Oh! how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impress'd,
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

HYMN 8—P. M.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
The solemn consecrated hours.
Oh! may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne!

All-seeing God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more.
Thy Spirit's gracious aid impart,
Exalt our souls and fix our heart.

Oh! bid thy grace our spirits move;
Oh! bid thy word of life divine
Engage the ear, excite our love,
And all this holy day be thine:
Our souls shall then adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 9—S. M.

Rise, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
Now prosper every good design
To spread thy glorious light.

O! bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise;
Thy word let all the heathen hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

Send forth thy glorious power!
All nations then will see;
And earth present her grateful store
In converts born to thee.

HYMN 10—S. M.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of grace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes
That see the heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

You, watchmen, join your voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem, break forth in songs;
Ye deserts, learn the joy.

O Lord, make bare thy arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Glory to God on high!
And peace o'er all the earth!
Good will to men—to angels joy
At our Redeemer's birth!

HYMN 11—S. M.

Go with thy servant, Lord;
His every step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

Preserve him from all wrong;
Stand, thou, at his right hand;
And keep him from the slanderous tongue,
And persecuting band.

May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do, thou, to the list'ning crowd
His faithful labors bless.

Farewell, dear lab'rer, go;
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above!

HYMN 12—S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Oh! for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN 13—8's, 7's, and 4s.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you:
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste—accept the Saviour
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
The reward which God is measuring
Soon shall fall upon your head:
Turn, O sinner,
Lest his lightnings strike you dead.

Haste, and flee to Christ the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life must pass away:
Haste, O sinner;
You must perish if you stay.

HYMN 14—12's, 11's, and 8's.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way,
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet hosannas to raise:
"Hail, Son of the Highest! let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and
deliver

The poor and the needy from foes that
assail;

Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish
forever

The Prince and the legions of hell.

Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering
Saviour;

Let thousands of thousands submit to thy
reign,

Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy
favor,

And follow thy glorious train.

Ride on till the compass of thy great do-
minion

The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,
And mankind, cemented with friendship
and union,

Obey thee with heart and with soul.

Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified
nation

The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of
praise,

And heaven shall echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays."

HYMN 15—6's and 5's.

O TURN you! O turn you! for why will you
die

When God in his mercy is coming so nigh;
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you
home.

How vain the delusion, that while you de-
lay

Your hearts may grow better by staying
away;

Come wretched, come starving, come just
as you be,

Here streams of salvation are flowing most
free.

Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
O how can you question since now you be-
lieve?

Since sin is your burden, why will you not
come? —

He now bids you welcome—he now says
there's room.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your
pain;

To bear up your spirit when summon'd to
die,

Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?

There's mercy in Jesus enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

HYMN 16—L. M.

So let your lips and lives express
The holy gospel you profess;
So let your works and virtue shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall you best proclaim abroad
The honors of your Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Your flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Your inward piety approve.

Religion bears your spirits up,
While you expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Welcome, then, brethren of the Lord,
The rest his word and church afford,
Accept, and may his grace divine
Cause you in deeds of love to shine.

HYMN 17—L. M.

THIS happy day has fix'd their choice
On Christ their Saviour and their Lord;
Well may their glowing hearts rejoice,
And tell the glories of his word.

O happy bond, that seals their vows
To him that merits all their love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now they move.

'Tis done—the great transaction's done—
They are the Lord's—the Lord is ours;
Rejoice in Christ; we now are one;
Rejoice to feel his heavenly powers.

Glory to God in endless strains'
Through endless ages still be given;
Lo! Christ the great Messiah reigns,
To bless our souls and grant us heaven.

HYMN 18—S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait:
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch!—'tis the Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

Oh! happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

HYMN 19—C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,—

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
'Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his!

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
'To meet my dearest Lord.

HYMN 20—S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again,
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh! hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

HYMN 21—S. M.

Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days:
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!

HYMN 22—S. M.

My son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

Call while he may be found;
Oh! seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

HYMN 23— 7's.

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from his people's eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.
There the splendid triumph waits—
"Lift your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!"

He whom highest heaven receives,
Ever loves the friends he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls his saints his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

Taken from our eyes to-day,
Master, hear us when we pray;
See thy needy servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee:
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise—
Follow thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, reaching after home.
There, forever to remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 24—L. M.

GOD from the dead has rais'd his Son;
Death and the powers of hell are spoil'd;
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconcil'd.

Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give to his name the glory due;
O let his love your hearts constrain
To live for him who died for you.

Earth's empty toys no more esteem,
Your minds from worldly thoughts remove;
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

HYMN 25—C. M.

COME, let our hearts and voices join
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love is still the same.

When most we need his gracious hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

HYMN 26—8's, 8's and 6's.

THERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
Oh! may we tread the sacred *way*,
By faith rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour kind and true;
Oh! may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

As he above forever lives,
And *life* to dying mortals gives,
Eternal and divine;
Oh! may his spirit in me dwell!
Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine!

HYMN 27—C. M.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them-by his word,
His arm supports them well.

To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night,

Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

HYMN 28—L. M.

THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Bless'd Jesus, thy rich treasures be!
To the full fountain of our joys
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

For this we wait upon thee, Lord;
For this we listen to thy word;
Descend like gentle showers of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

HYMN 29—S. M.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

Give me, O Lord! a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 30—7's.

God with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and height!

God with us! amazing love!
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

God with us! O wond'rous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
'That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

HYMN 31—C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

'Thy all-observing eye surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word
Thou knowest all I mean.

O! let thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HYMN 32—C. M.

REJOICE, my soul, still in the Lord,
Who makes thy cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset my road,
And feeble is my arm;
My life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as I am, I shall not faint;
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid me from on high.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have I to fear?

HYMN 33—C. M.

LORD! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O! let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.

Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above;

Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once intercept our joy.

HYMN 34—L. M.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
Whose kind compassion still we prove,
Our praise accept, and bless us here,
Thus brought to see another year.

What shall we render to thy name,
Or how thy glorious praise proclaim!
Whose constant, kind, indulgent care,
Has brought us to another year.

Thy bounty, pity, patience too,
With thankful hearts, Lord, we review;
And own we've had a plenteous share
To bring us to another year.

Our souls, our all, we here resign;
Make us, and keep us ever thine:
And grant that in thy love and fear
We may begin another year.

Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thy holy will;
'Then shall our souls with joy sincere
Bless thee for this—another year.

Help us to walk, as in thy sight,
With glowing pleasure and delight;
'Then, whether life or death appear,
We'll bless thee for another year.

Still, Lord, through life thy love display,
And then in death's approaching day
We'll joyful part with all that's here,
Nor wish on earth another year.

HYMN 35—7's.

BRIGHT and joyful was the morn
When to us a Child was born;
From the highest realms of heaven
To us a Son is given.

On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty; and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful—names most high.

Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.

Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

HYMN 36—8's and 6's.

CHRISTIANS, keep your armor bright;
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
In union strong together fight;
Hosanna to our King!
Come, laud and magnify his name,
Nor let his praises cease;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.

We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed;
Our Captain shall his grace impart
In ev'ry time of need.
Great peace have they who love his cause,
And on his word rely:
From such as keep his holy laws
The enemy will fly.

The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears;
Our march is but a few days more
Through this dark vale of tears.
Death may assail, and Satan too,
With his opposing powers;
But let us prove our valor true,
The victory is ours.

CHORUS.

Oh! it will be glorious,
With crowns and palms victorious,
And Jesus reigning over us,
When our sad warfare's o'er.

HYMN 37—7's.

SINNERS, come and taste with me
Consolation rich and free,
From our wealthy Father's board,
With the rarest dainties stored.

Wherefore should we feast alone?
God invites you every one;
All that come of free good will
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

Come, O come to Mercy's door;
Christ receiveth all the poor;
Jesus gives a glorious share;
To his banquet then repair.

HYMN 38—8's, 7's and 4's.

WHAT, poor sinner, means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his blest name.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus never will forget thee;
Only turn and follow him:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

HYMN 39—8's and 7's.

SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behaviour;
O repent, return, obey!

O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy or endless anguish
Turn upon th' events of life.

Open now your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
O receive him! O adore him!
Take a full discharge from sin!

Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O you blind, you lame, you needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!

HYMN 40—8's and 6's.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers giv'n;
There is a tear for soul's distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly.
And all secure—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 41—P. M.

DELAY not, delay not! O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for
thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd—salvation is
free.

Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our
Lord?
A fountain is open'd; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardon-
ing blood?

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come;
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee
to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the
tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
away.

Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, entreats thee
to come;

Beware, lest in darkness you finish your
race,

And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom

Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand
The earth shall dissolve and the heav'ns
shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment
shall stand;

What power, then, O sinner, shall lend
you its aid?

HYMN 42—C. M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me!'

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
'Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 43—8's and 7's.

COME, dear friends, we are all brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ, our leader, gives command.
Cease to boast of party merit,
Wound the cause of God no more,
Be united by his Spirit,
Zion's peace again restore.

Now our hand, our heart, and spirit,
Here in fellowship we give;
Let us love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.
We'll be one in Christ our Saviour,
Male and female, bond and free!
Christ is all in all forever,
In him we shall blessed be.

HYMN 44—C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.
Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more
On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all!

HYMN 45—L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
Praise Him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love!

How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight!

HYMN 46—S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found:

O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfy'd,
With full salvation blest.

And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 47—8's, 7's and 4's.

LIGHT of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone!
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at thy command
Let thy true and faithful heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Always to the end of time!

HYMN 48—5's, 6's, and 11's.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of
love.

Our life is a dream;
Our life, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The delectable year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

Oh! that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
'I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
to do!'

Oh! that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my
throne!'

HYMN 49—L. M.

GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God!
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 50—C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power:
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

HYMN 51—L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength! the nations shake!
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
'I am Jehovah—God alone!'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be apply'd
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

Let Zion's time of favor come;
O! bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry land of ev'ry name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown thee Saviour, Lord of all!

HYMN 52—II. 4.

With songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat;
The goodness of his ways
Through all the earth repeat;
His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows.

He bids his light arise,
And sends his gospel forth;
From East to West it flies,
And fills the South and North;
His mighty grace
Its power imparts,
And willing hearts
His truth embrace.

Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round;
Arabia, raise
The song divine,
And, Afric, join
T' exalt his praise.

Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honors bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King;
Remotest lands
The homage pay,
Till all obey
His high commands.

HYMN 53—L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace
That spread salvation through our race?

Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

Thus he who marks from day to day
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 54—C. M.

FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n, ador'd;
But present still, through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

Forever hallow'd be thy name,
By all beneath the skies;
And let thy kingdom still advance
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be!

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented with thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess:
Oh! may they be forgiv'n;
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heav'n.

Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 55—C. M.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.

Though greatly from myself conceal'd.
Thou see'st my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd
Exactly as I am.

Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee!

But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

What wondrous love—what mysteries,
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

HYMN 56—L. M.

THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentle strains of gospel grace
Invites us now to seek his face.

He wears no terrors on his brow;
He speaks in love from Zion now;
It is the voice of Jesus' blood
Calling poor wand'ers home to God.

The holy Moses quak'd and fear'd
When Sinai's thundering law he heard;
But reigning grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.

Hark! how from Calvary it sounds—
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds—
"Pardon and grace I freely give;
Poor sinner, look to me and live!"

HYMN 57—L. M.

WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with
thirst,

Forth from the rock the waters burst;
And all their future journey through
Yielded them drink and gospel too!

In Moses' rod a type they saw
Of his severe and fiery law;
The smitten rock prefigur'd him
From whose pierc'd side all blessings
stream.

But, ah! the types were all too faint
His sorrows or his worth to paint;
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

Their outward rock could yield no pain,
But ours was wounded, torn, and slain;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.

The earth is like their wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress;
Without one stream from pole to pole
To satisfy a thirsty soul.

But let the Saviour's praise resound;
In him refreshing streams are found,
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

HYMN 58—C. M.

JESUS has died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

Give me thyself from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

HYMN 59—C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy divine,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 60—C. M.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakle, divine!

These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believer, mourn thy lot;
O! thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 61—IV. 1.

You servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name, all victorious,
Of Jesus, extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

Christ ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to Him

Who sits on the throne—

Let all cry aloud

And honor the Son:

Our Saviour's praises

The angels proclaim,

'They fall on their faces

And worship the Lamb.

Him let us adore,

And give him his right;

And glory and power,

And wisdom and might:

All honor and blessing,

With angels above,

And thanks never ceasing

For infinite love.

HYMN 62—L. M.

WHAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

A thousand ways in ruin end;
One only leads to joy on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be
Enjoy'd by saints through Jesus' love.

HYMN 63—III. 5.

GUIDE me, O thou great Messiah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open, thou, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and grave's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 64—III. 2.

Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 65—L. M.

LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my ev'ry want supply
In time and through eternity.

Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain—
To live is Christ—to die is gain.

HYMN 66—C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 67—L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

HYMN 68—S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 69—C. M.

THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod
The children of thy fold.

We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place, [taught,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and
The children of thy grace.

May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear,
The children of thy love!

HYMN 70—L. M.

HAPPY the saints whose lot is cast
Where oft is heard the gospel sound;
The word is pleasant to their taste,
A healing balm for every wound.

With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

This favor'd lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 71—L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

HYMN 72—L. M.

LORD! now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.
Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love!

HYMN 73—S. M.

IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.
Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

HYMN 74—L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been and are still sustain'd.
To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

HYMN 75—C. M.

THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

THOU art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

THOU art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

THOU art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 76—C. M.

DEAR brethren, come, draw near to God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And just are all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

HYMN 77—L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been
That I had not been saved from sin.

The more I strove against its power
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul—I am the way."

Then glad I came to him, blest Lamb!
And made confession of his name:
Myself alone had I to give;
Nothing but love I did receive.

Now will I tell to sinners round
What a blest Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

HYMN 78—C. M.

Thy way, O, Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 79—C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

HYMN 80—112th.

My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear!
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O! how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust, thee I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit.
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

HYMN 81—L. M.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

No other name will Heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
Direct our steps and cheer our heart!

Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The region of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

HYMN 82—L. M.

O LOVE beyond conception great
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

HYMN 83—L. M.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

HYMN 84—C. M.

Lo! wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wond'rous grace,
And slight her powerful charms?

She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight,
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy;
Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
And taste celestial joy.

Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

HYMN 85—C. M.

Ho, ye who thirst! a living fount
For you is open'd wide—
The fount that gush'd on Calvary's mount
From our Redeemer's side.

Come, seek salvation through the blood
So freely pour'd for you;
O! leave the broad and downward road
That leads to endless woe.

Come, ye who long in vain have sought
True happiness to find.
In all the joys of earth there's nought
Can fill th' immortal mind.

Come, and partake the blessed feast
That Christ for you has spread;
Not all the treasures of the East
Could buy this living bread.

Come, join the humble happy band
That sing redemption's lay;
With them united, heart and hand,
Pursue the heavenly way.

HYMN 86—C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands my zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down.

HYMN 87—C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

HYMN 88—L. M.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view,
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And keeps me in the narrow way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

Some cordial from his word he brings
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

Pity all the worldling's talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O God, to walk
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

HYMN 89—C. M.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O! let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

Say to my soul, 'Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guide thee in the way.'

Oh! how my soul would rise and run
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful sufferings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

HYMN 90—7's.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, 'It is not there.'

Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform us where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my soul's desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All my happiness lies there,
Only to be found in thee.

Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

HYMN 91—C. M.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

HYMN 92—C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

This is the day which God hath bless'd,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

Not one, but all our days below,
Our hearts his praise employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

HYMN 93—C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O! what a sun which rose this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN 94—8's, 8's and 6's.

OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
Oh! condescend to hear.

Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sov'reign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

From thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And hasten to the tomb.

Pardon our sins, O God! that rise
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbor in that breast
That feels the love of heav'n.

HYMN 95—S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing, every tongue, his fame.

Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go and seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

HYMN 96—C. M.

Now may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' impris'ning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save—

Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built—

Perfect our souls in every grace
'I' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

O! for the great Messiah's sake,
Accept our humble lay;
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day!

HYMN 97—L. M.

LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Thee my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee;
Be thine through all eternity.

HYMN 98—L. M.

THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs
For me a well-spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise;
He knows my wants—those wants supplies.

And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my plenteous store?
No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

HYMN 99—C. M.

To thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'n'ing influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And thus thy love repay.

Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 100—S M.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amidst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

But makes the Law of God
His study and delight,
Throughout the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

Not so the ungodly man;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

How will they bear to stand
Before the judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

HYMN 101—C. M.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

O! let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 102—L. M.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

May days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Be monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

And yet this thoughtless wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 103—C. M.

With thee, great God, the stores of light
And stores of darkness lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

And when with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

Numbers last night, Great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

HYMN 104—C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 105—C. M.

THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolv'd and gone;
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts its new liv'ry on.

Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.

In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the West he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the Eastern skies.

My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power:
Behold thy God in every plant,
In every opening flower.

Yet in his word, the word of grace,
He wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.

With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine.

HYMN 106—C. M.

To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice comes forth
The smiling harvest hours.

His covenant with earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

HYMN 107—L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winter, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wears.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
And days of gladness bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 108—L. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

Arrest, O Lord, my wand'ring heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.

HYMN 109—L. M.

My helper, God! I bless his name:
The same his power, his grace the same:
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm has led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN 110—L. M.

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne

HYMN 111—L. M.

HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set;
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But most divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

HYMN 112—S. M.

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind
And chas'd our sins away.

How new thy mercies, then!
How sov'reign and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to Thee.

HYMN 113—S. M.

LORD, we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss,

There rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.

Beneath thy balmy wing,
O! Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

HYMN 114—S. M.

THIS world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And *all that* life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around that awful death.

Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

HYMN 115—L. M.

HOSANNA to the Church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

HYMN 116—C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer—now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

Return, O wanderer—now return!
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

HYMN 117—C. M.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice besides.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conq'ror, and my King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

HYMN 118—L. M.

Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

On them, a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace:
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye:
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

HYMN 119—L. M.

O LORD! when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails the tree,
The flowing tears, and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

'The sorrow, shame, and death were *thine*,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss:
What love can be compar'd to this?

HYMN 120—L. M.

IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,
The great original of all!
Through thee we are. to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

We praise that wise mysterious grace,
'That pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our great cov'nant head,
The Captain of Salvation made.

Thy justice doom'd that he must die,
Who for our sins would satisfy;
His death was therefore fix'd of old,
And in thy word of truth foretold.

A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee;
And while this theme employs our tongues,
All heav'n unites its sweetest songs.

HYMN 121—C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, that are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin releas'd,
And free'd from ev'ry snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 122—L. M.

" 'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer cries;
Then lowly bows his fainting head;
And soon th' expiring sacrifice
Sinks to the regions of the dead.

'Tis done—the mighty work is done!
For men or angels much too great;
Which none, but God's almighty Son,
Or would attempt, or could complete.

'Tis done—old things are pass'd away,
And a new state of things begun;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
But shall outlast the circling sun.

A new account of time begins;
Now our dear Lord resumes his breath,
Charg'd with our sorrows and our sins,
Our lives to ransom by his death.

Once he was dead, but now he reigns,
He lives, he lives, he lives again:
Let's tell our joys in pious strains,
And spread the glory of his name.

HYMN 123—L. M.

WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Although ascended to thy throne,
Thou still art present with thine own.

High on his Father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler Spirit form'd.

Through all succeeding ages he
The same hath been—the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

The same his power his flock to guard,
The same his bounty to reward,
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth and saints above.

Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his heav'nly throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

HYMN 124—L. M.

Now to the Lord that made us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see his face;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
He now displays his pard'ning grace.

The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

HYMN 125—L. M.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

He calls his chosen from afar,
They all at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their off'rings bring,
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

O! may his holy church increase,
His word and spirit still prevail;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories hail!

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 126—C. M.

WHAT have I in this barren land?
My Jesus is not here;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus shall appear.

My Jesus is gone up to heav'n
To fix a place for me;
For 'tis his will that where he is
His followers should be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends them to me here,
Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not;
Why should I be perplex'd?
My God, who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

My dearest friends, they dwell above;
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

HYMN 127—C. M.

How happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see!

“Worthy the Lamb!” aloud they cry,
“That brought us here to God:”
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father’s awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

With wond’ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

Lord, let the merits of thy death
To me be likewise giv’n;
And I with them will shout thy praise
Eternally in heav’n.

HYMN 128—L. M.

’Twixt Jesus and the chosen race
Subsists a bond of sov’ reign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne’er dissolve or rend in twain.

Hail, sacred union, firm and strong!
How great the grace! how sweet the song!
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity.

One in the tomb—one when he rose—
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes—
One when in heav'n he took his seat,
While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.

This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all he is, or has, is theirs;
With him, their head, they stand or fall,
Their life, their surety, and their all.

HYMN 129—L. M.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him forever to rejoice.

Of him what wond'rous things are told!
In him what glories I behold!
For him I gladly all things leave;
To him, my soul, forever cleave!

In him my treasure's all contain'd;
In him my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From him what favors I receive!
Through him I shall forever live!

With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my ev'ry care;
Like him one day I shall appear.

Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to lead thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O! never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in ev'ry thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs!
Bless him who doth your heav'n prepare,
And whom you'll praise forever there.

HYMN 130—L. M.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But when I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin;
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
And grace is all they sing above.

Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis alone in grace I trust;
For all that's past, grace is my theme;
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.

Through endless years of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heav'nly King;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And celebrate his grace alone.

HYMN 131—C. M.

ATTEND, ye children of our God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear:
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dumbest ear.

Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord you live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

But earth and sin will drag us down
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

HYMN 132—C. M.

REJOICE, believers, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 133—C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see! there yet is room—

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

O! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come.
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room.

HYMN 134—L. M.

COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Come and receive his heav'nly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.
Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love;
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.
Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give;
His love through ev'ry age endures;
His promise and himself are yours.

HYMN 135—L. M.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on thy rich provision feed,
We taste the wine and bless our God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live forever near his face.

Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.

HYMN 136—P. M.

JESUS, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again!
And in heav'n is now sat down
With his Father on his throne.

'There he reigns a King supreme;
We shall also reign with him;
Feeble souls, be not dismay'd;
Trust in his almighty aid.

He hath made an end of sin,
And his blood hath wash'd us clean:
Fear not; he is ever near;
Now, e'en now, he's with us here.

Thus assembling, we by faith,
'Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his flesh this loaf's the sign,
And we view his blood in wine.

Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love;
And let ev'ry ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 137—C. M.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry breath we draw.

God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 138—C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord, thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

O! when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heav'nly word,
And vassals long enslav'd become
The freemen of the Lord?

When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?

Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

Smile, Lord, on ev'ry effort made
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd thrones
The temples of thy praise!

HYMN 139—L. M.

THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And ev'ry blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor
To make me rich for evermore?

And shall I wickedly withhold
To give my silver and my gold,
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That, what thy bounty renders mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

HYMN 140—C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

But thou hast brethren here below,
 'The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.

In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice is heard.

Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see;
O! let us rather beg our bread
 Than keep it back from thee!

HYMN 141—C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
 To sing that God is love.

This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
 To show that God is love.

Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 Thunders his dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
 'The honors of the Lamb.

In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.

Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heav'n above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

HYMN 142—C. M.

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest,
In ev'ry golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines—
With strength'ning grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high
That we might rise to heaven.

HYMN 143—L. M.

Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 144—C. M.

Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 145—148th.

COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.
Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.
He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conq'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Son of God.

From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

HYMN 146—C. M.

Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try
Perils beset your path;

Yet with determin'd courage go;
And, arm'd with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
No doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

HYMN 147—C. M.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

Hast thou not said, 'The blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

When shall the untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, giv'n?

From East to West, from North to South,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord!

Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

HYMN 148—S M.

You Messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

'The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
'The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

HYMN 149—L. M.

"COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;"
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Mark'd in the book of life above,
And now to thine we join our hands
In token of fraternal love.

Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O! may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above!

HYMN 150—C. M.

LORD, in thy presence, here we meet;
May we in thee be found!
O! make the place divinely sweet!
O! let thy grace abound!

To-day the order of thy house
We would in peace maintain;
We would renew our solemn vows,
And heav'nly strength regain.

Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Our faith and hope increase;
Display thy love in every heart,
And keep us all in peace.

Let no discordant passions rise
To mar the work of love;
But hold us in those heavenly ties
That bind the saints above.

With harmony and union bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do
May glorify thy name.

HYMN 151—C. M.

LET those who bear the Christian name,
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honor still.

True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear,
Constant and just to all they speak;
For God and angels hear.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through ev'ry false disguise.

They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to the truth; and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.

HYMN 152—C M.

On! with what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth
For greater things above.

These having openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name,
With sacred pleasure we receive
As lovers of the Lamb.

Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly love!
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with thee above.

HYMN 153—L. M.

WELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us, thine hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.

With us the pilgrim's state embrace—
We're trav'ling to a blissful place;
The Holy Spirit knows the way,
And he'll conduct from day to day.

Take up thy cross, and bear it on;
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

HYMN 154—C. M.

THERE's joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

"Come, saints, and hear what God hath
Is a reviving sound: done,"
O! may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!

Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey!
Great God! the work is all thine own;
Thine be the praises too:
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

HYMN 155—11's..

COME, children of Zion, and help us to sing
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus our King,
Whose life once was given our souls to
redeem,
And bring us to heaven to dwell there with
him.
Not the angels in glory, nor seraphs above,
Can fathom the ocean of infinite love;
Their wisdom can't search it; they cannot
tell why
The Sov'reign of angels for sinners should
die.
In the regions of darkness, death, sorrow,
and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious
blood:
He's the ransom provided to bring us to God.

O! why should we linger in regions below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow?
So sweetly they glide through the regions
 above,
And stream ever fresh from the fountain of
 love.

Come, then, my dear brethren, count all
 things but loss;
Your treasure's in heaven, don't shrink
 from the cross;
Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the
 fold,
Though demons surround you, be faithful
 and bold.

Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What snares and temptations in this evil
 day;
All this we must suffer and patient endure,
Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings
 are o'er.

Then with him in glory we ever shall reign,
Deliver'd from sorrow, temptation, and pain,
To join with the angels and spirits divine,
And in Jesus' own image eternally shine.

HYMN 156—L. M.

Unto our God, on Judah's hills,
 Be songs of holy joy once more—
Let Canaan's rocks and sparkling rills
 The King of Heaven and Earth adore.

For he hath set the captives free,
Hath rent the proud oppressor's chain,
And from the isles of ev'ry sea
Brought Israel to his fold again.

The Holy City's ruin'd spires
And crumbling walls again shall rise,
Love shall relight her altar-fires,
And clouds of incense sweep the skies.

There, 'neath the fig-tree and the vine,
Shall Judah's daughters peaceful rest,
And gray-hair'd fathers safe recline
On sacred Calvary's hoary breast.

Those tuneful harps that hung so long
Upon the weeping willows' stem,
Shall swell again old Zion's song
Within thy gate—Jerusalem!

HYMN 157—11's.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that
subdu'd them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier
far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursu'd them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of
war.

Daughter of Zion, the power that hath sav'd
thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel
should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd
thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

HYMN 158—C. M.

THE rich memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *faith*.

The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits, when they droop,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *hope*.

The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *love*.

Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good:
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

HYMN 159—C. M.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth;
And lead the mind, that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

Delightful work young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

Almighty God, thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all thy glory shine.

HYMN 160—C. M.

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Blest Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 161—P. M.

Love divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love, thou art!
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart.
Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by thee:
Chang'd from glory unto glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

HYMN 162—7's.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us all a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners,—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

Glory be to God on high!

God, whose glory fills the sky:

Glory to the Lamb be giv'n—

Glory in the highest heav'n.

Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,

Be to God for evermore.

HYMN 163—C. M.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing

Our great Redeemer's praise:

The glory of our Lord and King;

The triumphs of his grace.

Jesus! thy name removes our fears,

And bids our sorrows cease:

'Tis music in thy people's ears;

'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Gracious Master! heavenly Lord!

Assist us to proclaim,

And spread through all the earth abroad,

The honors of thy name.

Hosanna to the Lord be giv'n

In loudest, noblest strains!

Hosanna in the highest heavens!

The great Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 164—8's and 7's.

HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,

Born to set thy people free;

Thou from sin and fear releas'd us,

Make us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all thy saints thou art;
Long desir'd of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet Christ the King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thy word and blessed spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Now we wait for thy appearing
From the realms of bliss above,
With thy word each other cheering,
Save us, Prince of Peace and Love.

Mighty God! Eternal Father!
Now we glorify thy name:
Lord of all created nature,
Men and angels' noblest theme.

HYMN 165—8's, 7's, and 4's.

SWEET the moment, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend:
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the dying sinner's friend.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
From the dying sinner's friend.

Truly blessed in our station,
Low before his cross we lie;
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go:
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

HYMN 166—8's, 7's, and 4's.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end:
Hallelujah!
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Hallelujah!
He rejoices in the same.

HYMN 167—8's, 7's, and 4's.

With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
Hallelujah!
Now we offer to the Lord.

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his saints of ev'ry station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!
Gifts we offer to his name.

May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe:
Hallelujah!
Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Hallelujah!
By this gift our love we'll prove.

HYMN 168—7's.

COME, you weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wanderers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.
Come, you guilty souls, oppress'd,
Answer to the Saviour's call;
Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and be deliver'd all.
Hear, the great Redeemer calls you;
Cease to heave the plaintive sigh;
Let not guilt or fear enthrall you:
Come, and you shall never die.

If by sin or sore temptation,
You are weary and oppress'd,
Hear the Saviour's invitation,
"Come, and I will give you rest."

HYMN 169—L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But, oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents—how divine!
Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
Search, Lord—O! search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 170—C. M.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
That blinds the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall be:
When pain shall cease, and ev'ry tear
Be wip'd from ev'ry eye?
Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathens' chain;
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

HYMN 171—C. M.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise!

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high;
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For sinful man—O! wond'rous grace!
For sinful man be bled!

O Lord! what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood!
By this are sinners sav'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

HYMN 172—*The Trumpet.*

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
his ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of
cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of god-
head are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the
Lord;

And the glorified saints, and the martyrs
are there,

And there all who the palm-wreaths of
victory wear!

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
all heard:

Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel
are stirr'd!

From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,

All the vast generations of men are come
forth!

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,

Where the Lamb and the bright-crowned
elders are met!

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,

And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy poor children,
with love!

When beneath to their darkness the wick-
ed are driven,

May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven!

HYMN 173—7's and 6's.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the children shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

HYMN 174—S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

But God hath rais'd his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And made him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

"I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

HYMN 175—S. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name!

How fearful is his praise!

Justice, and truth, and judgment join

In all his works of grace.

HYMN 176—L. M.

WE'VE no abiding city here:

This may distress the worldling's mind;

But should not cost the saint a tear,

Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here:

Sad truth were this to be our home;

But let this thought our spirits cheer,

We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here:

Then let us live as pilgrims do;

Let not the world our rest appear,

But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here;

We seek a city out of sight;

Zion its name; we'll soon be there;

It shines with everlasting light.

Zion!—Jehovah is her strength!

Secure she smiles at all her foes:

And weary travellers at length

Within her sacred walls repose.

O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here to do his will be *mine*,
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

HYMN 177—P. M.

COME, you poor and thirsty sinners,
To the living waters come;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none:
Give him credit!
He's Jehovah's faithful Son.

Hearken to the Bride and Spirit,
Seize the promises divine;
Without money, price, or merit,
Buy of Jesus milk and wine:
His rich bounty
Freely take: he makes it thine.

Wherefore toil you still for nothing?
Spend your strength and treasure too?
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his liberal hands bestow:
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

HYMN 178—P. M.

WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all
the day?

Your moments so fleeting, will soon pass
away;

All things are provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

Here mercy and pardon, here love and free
grace;

Here strong consolation, here great joy and
peace;

Here hope for the hopeless,—the weary find
rest;

Here all things are plenty for sinners dis-
tress'd.

Here wine, milk, and honey, are plenty in
store,

Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and
more;

Here balm for the wounded—here strength
for the weak;

Here cordials divine are prepar'd for the
sick.

Here armour and weapons for soldiers to
wield,

A breastplate, a helmet, a sword, and a
shield;

The poor receive riches, a crown for the head:
Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.

O come all ye needy, ye poor and distress'd;
Partake of his grace and then ever be bless'd.
O come, without money, to Jesus and buy;
Then love him, and praise him, forever on
high.

HYMN 179—P. M.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and
love,
Which, flowing in Eden, in streams from
above;
Refresh'd ev'ry moment, the first happy
pair,
Till sin stopp'd the torrent, and brought in
despair.

Oh wretched condition! what anguish and
pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it
in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases
their grief.

Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we
complain!
Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with
free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

How happy the prospect! how pleasant the
road!

When led down the stream by the angel of
God;

Though shallow at first, yet we find it at
last,

A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.

Come, sinners, poor sinners! 'tis boundless
and free,

In Eden once flowing, 'twas open'd for thee;

This water has virtue to heal all complaints:

Come, drink, ye diseas'd, and rejoice with
the saints.

Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not par-
take,"

For this very reason the Lord bids you take;

Say not "too unworthy, the vilest of all;"

For *such*, not the righteous, the Lord came
to call.

Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you
may find;

Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye
blind,

The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you
too:

Come, call all your neighbors, they're wel-
come with you.

HYMN 180—L. M.

ALL other sounds discordant seem,
Compar'd with mercy's heavenly song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest,
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest!

May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love!
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

HYMN 181—L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

HYMN 182—7's.

Lo, the stone is roll'd away;
Death yields up his mighty prey,
Jesus rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Praise him, in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death! is now thy sting!
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?

Let Immanuel be ador'd,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' eternal praise resound.

HYMN 183—S M.

How honor'd is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

HYMN 184—S. M.

To God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
*For God does prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*

To him, whose wond'rous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.

By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.

He spreads the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.

Through heaven he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
'The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.

He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.

*For God will prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*

HYMN 185—S. M.

God struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand.

*For God doth prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*

By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclosed a middle way,
Through which his people went.

Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost.

Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed;
And famous princes foil'd,
And made great monarchs bleed.

Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre sway'd;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obey'd.

And, of his wond'rous grace,
Their lands whom he destroy'd
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoy'd.

He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favor thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.
*For God will prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*

HYMN 186—C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too.
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires;
Oh! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

HYMN 187—C. M.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the world his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
'To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

He sware to Abram and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

HYMN 188—C. M.

IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw
It strikes the spirit dead.

'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name forever blest.

HYMN 189—C. M.

O THOU my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come
Nor evil can befall.

Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

'Tis thine outstretch'd and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

HYMN 190—C. M.

ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy lov'd name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a hue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circuits run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God!

But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 191—S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate!

God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

HYMN 192—C. M.

Oh most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe!

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

So speaks the Christian firm possess'd
Of faith's supporting rod;
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

HYMN 193—L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh how free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh how great!

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, Oh how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh how good!

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 194—*Proper tune.*

How pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne;
 He sits for grace and judgment there;
 He bids the saints be glad,
 He makes the sinners sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.
 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!
 My tongue repeats her vows,
 "*Peace to this sacred house!*"
 For here my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 195—8's, 6's and 8's.

FROM Olivet's sequester'd seats,
 What sounds of transport spread?
 What concourse moves through Salem's
 To Zion's holy head? [streets
 Behold him there in lowliest guise!
 The Saviour of mankind!
 Triumphant shouts before him rise,
 And shouts reply behind!
 And 'strike,' they cry, 'your loudest string:
 He comes! *Hosanna* to our king.

He came to earth: from eldest years,
A long and bright array,
Of Prophet-bards and Patriarch-seers,
Proclaim'd the glorious day:
The light of heaven in every breast,
Its fire on every lip,
In tuneful chorus on they press'd,
A goodly fellowship:
And on the pealing anthem ran,
'*Hosanna* to the Son of Man!'
He came to earth: through life he pass'd
A man of griefs: and, lo,
A noble army following fast
His track of pain and wo:
All deck'd with palms, and strangely bright,
That suffering host appears;
And stainless are their robes of white,
Though steeped in blood and tears;
And sweet their martyr-anthem flows
'*Hosanna* to the Man of Woes!'
From ages past descends the lay,
To ages yet to be,—
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity.
But O! while saints and angels high,
Thy final triumph share,
Amidst thy followers, Lord, would I,
Though last and meanest there,
Receive a place, and joyful raise
A loud *Hosanna* to thy praise!

HYMN 196—8's and 7's.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken—
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perished every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all my own!

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure—
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain;
I have called thee Abba Father—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me!

Soul! then know thy full salvation—
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think, what spirit dwells within thee—
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of Heaven—canst thou repine?

Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer—
Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission!
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 197—9's and 8's.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there:
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.
*That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.*

THERE is a place, where the angels dwell,
A pure and peaceful abode;
The joys of that place, no tongue can tell—
But there is the place of God!

THERE is a place, where my friends are gone,
Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

There is a place, where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place, which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

*That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.*

HYMN 198—L. M.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

There! *there*, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

HYMN 199—L. M.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Be'hlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 200—11's.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,

Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell
your anguish,

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
pure;

Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure."

HYMN 201—11's.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver
stream,

Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's
soft beam;

And by thy bright waters till midnight
would stay,

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his
head;

How hard was his pillow, how humble his
bed;

The angels beholding, amaz'd at the sight,
Attended their master with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

HYMN 202—P. M.

WRITTEN 143 YEARS AGO.

THUS saith the Church's Head,
The judge of quick and dead;
Quickly I come:
Let my redeemed pray,
O Lord make no delay;
Thus all my saints shall say,
Lord quickly come.
Let them with one accord,
Shout their returning Lord;
Welcome him near:
Soon shall he come again,
Soon shall we with him reign,
Soon shall his foes be slain,
Soon he'll appear.

Earthquakes and storms attend,
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend;
Who shall abide?
Heavens melt and thunders roar,
Seas swell and rend the shore;
Hope sinks to rise no more;
Rocks cannot hide.

See how the lightnings blaze;
Jesus this wrath displays;
Vengeance appears:
Lift up your heads on high
You suffering company,
Now your redemption's nigh,
Banish your fears.

Jesus who died for sins,
Now in his glory reigns;
Claiming his own:
Father I will, saith he,
Those thou hast given me,
Should all my glory see;
Sharing my throne.

Let the redeemed throng,
Make sov'reign grace their song
Mercy adore:
Ascribe salvation
To him who fills the throne,
And to the Lamb alone,
For evermore.

HYMN 203—L. M.

Among the mountain trees

The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of wo;
A voice of grief was on the gale,
It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

It was the Saviour's prayer,

That on the silence broke,
Imploring strength from heaven to bear
The sin-avenging stroke;
As in Gethsemane he knelt,
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

The fitful star-light shone

In dim and misty gleams;
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

The chosen three that staid,

Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
Strangely forgotten by his own.

Along the streamlets banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame;
Yet unto them that waited nigh,
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of wo;
For cruel voices filled the gale
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

HYMN 204—C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—*I too must die*—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
'To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

O may we fly, to Jesus fly!
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's soul trying hour.

HYMN 205—L. M.

LORD, what is man? extremes how wide,
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh, to worms and dust allied,
The soul, immortal and divine.

Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by Heav'n's inspiring breath;
Till sin, with pow'r prevailing, came;
Then follow'd darkness, shame, and death.

But Jesus, O amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne

Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.

And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

HYMN 206—C. M.

O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far,
'Than east or west unfold;
And her reward is more secure
'Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides the youth with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 207—L. M.

THE God of Love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around—
When tender friends and kindred die.

Yet not one anxious murmur'ing thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

Parent and husband, guard and guide—
Thou art each tender name in one.
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

Our Father, God. to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy cov'nant-love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 208—C. M.

I sing the almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord! how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eyes;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies?

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In Heav'n he shines with beams of love;
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

HYMN 209—C. M.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

The noblest love of human kind
Inspir'd his holy breast;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was express'd.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart, by all his friends,
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes ungrateful, sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.
In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'
Be Christ my pattern, and my guide!
His image may I bear!
O may I tread his sacred steps;
And his bright glories share!

HYMN 210.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying:
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark, they whisper! angels say
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death where is thy sting?

HYMN 211—L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 212—L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

“Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
Is the Redeemer’s great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the way of God no more,
Is but esteem’d almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not my hopes be vain—
Create my heart entirely new;
This hypocrites could ne’er attain;
This false apostates never knew.

HYMN 213—L. M.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspir’d to preach and tell
All that is done in heav’n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr’s glorious name:

If love to God and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 214—C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN 215—L. M.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 216—C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "behold he prays."

In prayer on earth, the saints are one,
In word, in deed, in mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O! Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

HYMN 217—12's and 11's.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollec-
tion,
Of youthful connexions, and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affec-
tion,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from
on high.
I still view the chairs of my father and
mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on
each hand;
And that richest of books, which excelled
every other,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand:
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed
Bible,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us
delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet in-
vocation
For mercy by day, and for safety thro' night;
Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Has rais'd us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed
Bible,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we
parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
more;
In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-
tection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O let me with patience receive his correc-
tion,
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